



FOR MEAN-
SPIRITED
ADULT
MALES
ONLY

ROMPING GIRLS & EXISTENTIAL SMUT!

HUP

\$2.50
NO.3



WE GOT...

MR. NATURAL • JEAN-PAUL SARTRE • DONALD TRUMP

LET'S GIVE A WARM WELCOME TO HUP'S FIRM, GUIDING SMART STREET-SMART BUT HIP-TO-THE ART COMICS EXPERT

STAN-THE-MAN SHNOOTER!

THANK YOU, R.!
YEAH, YEAH, I
KNOW WERE
RUNNING A
LITTLE LATE —

THIS ISH SHOULD
BEEN ON TH' STANDS
A YEAR AGO!
APOLOGIES ARE IN
ORDER —

NATURALLY,
I'M THE
DUDE THAT
MUST DO
TH' DEED!



I'M VERY UPSET WITH R...
IT'S BEEN A YEAR AN' A HALF
SINCE TH' PREVIOUS HUP CAME
OUT— THINK HE CARES IF I'M
UPSET?? I COULD DROP DEAD
OF A HEART ATTACK TOMORROW—
HE WOULDN'T EVEN LOOK UP
FROM HIS LATEST MASTURBATION
FANTASIES OVER DEH...



AS I'M SPEAKING TO YOU R,
IS BACK THERE SLAWING AWAY
ON TH' LAST PAGE OF THIS
BOOK... HE'S GOTTA FILL IN
EVERY LAST MILLIMETER WITH
LITTLE LINES— TEENSY LITTLE
NOODUNGS AN' CHICKEN
SCRATCHES...



I KEEP TELLIN' 'IM, R., LOOK,
THIS IS AN INDUSTRY— THIS
COMIC THING— WE GOT PEOPLE
WAITING— DISTRIBUTORS, RETAIL
OUTLETS— LIGHTEN UP! GIVE 'EM
WHAT THEY WANT— ALL THIS FUSSY
LITTLE CROSS-HATCHING— TEN
PEOPLE IN TH' WORLD REALLY
CARE; OTHER ARTISTS... BUT WHAT
DO THEY EVER BUY? SOME ART
SUPPLIES AN' A NEW PAIR A'
SANDALS EVERY TEN YEARS!



I TELL 'IM, R, THIS IS
ENTERTAINMENT— JUS' TELL
TH' FUCKIN' STORY, MAN! DON'T
GET EXCITED, NOBODY'S ASKING
YOU TO BECOME A HACK— AHH,
PFFF— BASICALLY I'M WASTING
MY BREATH— HE JUST KEEPS ME
AROUND SO I CAN GET UP HERE
AN' MAKE A FOOL OF MYSELF
TRY'N'A' SMOOTH THINGS OVER
WITH TH' READERSHIP!



ANOTHER THING I TOLD 'IM —
KEEP TH' SEX THING UNDER CON-
TROL— DON'T RUN AMUCK WITH
THESE SICK FUCKIN' PATHOLOGI-
CAL FANTASIES— HE SAID HE'D
TRY— WELL, PSHH— YOU'LL SEE
HOW WELL THAT WORKED —

HEY! SO, A NEW
SIMPLER STYLE, HUH,
R.? I LIKE IT, BUT
IT'S A LITTLE LATE
TO START STREAM-
LINING, BUBBY...

— SO, NEXT
ISSUE YOU'LL
DO TH' WHOLE
BOOK THIS
WAY —



ENJOY YOUR
COPY OF HUP—

— I'LL SEE Y'
NEXT TIME!



THE STORY OF MY LIFE!

by R. Crumb
"THE COSMIC WINNER" ©1989 AND THE TIME!

THIS IS STRICTLY AN ALLEGORY, Y' UNDERSTAND...



I'M
MORTIFIED... SHE
CAUGHT ME OBLING
HER - OH GOD...

BUT EVEN
IF I DON'T LOOK
I'M FILLED WITH LUST
BY THE SOUND
OF HER HEELS STRIK-
ING THE PAVEMENT
WITH A ROBUST, UN-
INHIBITED, LOVING
STRIDE!!

OH!!

KLOP
KLOP
KLOP
KLOP

IT'S A FUTILE EXERCISE... SHE COULD
NEVER BE ATTRACTED TO ME IN A MILLION
YEARS... SHE WANTS A MAN LIKE HERSELF -
SOMEONE GENETICALLY SUPERIOR, WITH
RAMROD POSTURE AND A BOLD,
OPTIMISTIC NATURE -

...AND SHE
DESERVES
SUCH
A MAN...
I'D ONLY
POLLUTE HER
VIGOROUS
LINEAGE...

SHE HAS EVERY REASON TO
DESPISE ME, FOR I AM IN TRUTH
THE BITTER, HATE-FILLED, ANTI-SOCIAL
ANAL-SADISTIC JAG-OFF SHE
THINKS I AM!

HER
FEMALE
INSTINCTS ARE
CORRECT IN
THIS CASE...

LA LA LA
LOOOO!!

BUT WAIT... I GOTTA LIGHTEN UP
ON MYSELF... I HAVE A FEW GOOD
POINTS... I'M INTELLIGENT, SENSITIVE,
LOADED WITH TALENT... SO WHAT DOES
SHE CARE? - BIG IGNORANT
PEASANT... I HATE HER!!

OH, I'D
LOVE TO PUSH
HER HEAD IN
TH' TOILET!

KEEPIN' ZA FEET IN
ZA CARRIAGE, PLEASE...
IST DANGEROUS TO
HAVE OUTENZEE...

OOPS -
SORRY!

NAZI
BITCH...
I'LL TEACH
HER A THING
OR TWO...

SOME-
DAY...

...MAYBE...

SIGH... I CAN NEVER POSSESS HER...
BUT IF ONLY - MAYBE THERE'S SOME
WAY I CAN SNEAK A COUPLE
A' QUICK FEELS -

HEY!
EXCUSE
ME!!







OH SIGHHH...

AHHA...TH' FAME HAS WORKED ITS MAGIC ON THIS FOOLISH CREATURE!!



SMACK

SHE'S READY...NOW'S MY CHANCE—HERE GOES!!!

I'M BLAD THAT ACCURSED FAME TURNED OUT TO BE GOOD FOR SOMETHING!!

HE CAN'T TAKE THE HEAT



AFTER AN HOUR OF FACE-EATING AND WHAT YOU'D CALL "NORMAL" OR HOLLYWOOD-STYLE PETTING ~

YOU'RE SO BEAUTIFUL—I'M A LUCKY GUY!

ROBBIE—YOU ARE GOOD AT ZA KISSING,BUT—CAN I BE HONEST VISS YOU?

WHY OF COURSE!

ULP

HERE IT COMES...THIS ISN'T WORKING... "WE SHOULD STOP," ETC., ETC...



IT SEEMS—I FEEL—YOU'RE HOLDING BACK... THERE'S MORE T'INGS YOU'D LIKE TO DO BUT YOU'RE AFRAID TO LET LOOSE...

R-REALY?? IT'S BEST TO GO SLOW AT FIRST AND—UH

YOU KNOW, YOU CAN DO ANY-T'ING YOU WANT TO ME.

I CAN??

AIN'T LIFE FULLA SURPRISES!?



WELL THEN, AH HM...HEW HEH... AH YES...LET'S SEE HOW FLEBBLE YOU ARE! HEH HEH

OKAY!

UNH



AH HM

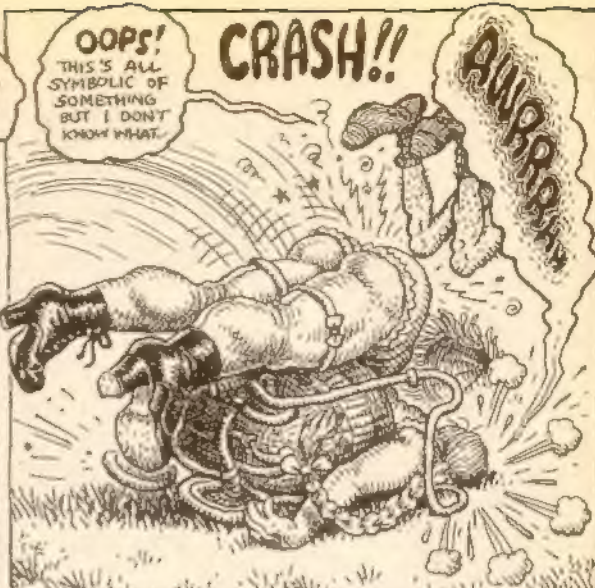
OH MY GOD! LOOKIT THIS!

AMAZING!

I'M IMPRESSED!

UUUNHH





... I HAVE TO STOP DRAWING THIS NOW... I'M GETTING TOO WORKED UP BY MINE OWN FANTASY HERE... MY DRAWING HAND IS GETTING TOO SHAKY... BESIDES, SEX IS A DEEPLY PERSONAL MATTER, AND WE ARE HERE TO ENTERTAIN, NOT MERELY TO INDULGE IN OUR OWN PRIVATE MASTURBATION IMAGERY... AFTER ALL, AS SOMEONE ONCE SAID, NOTHING IS MORE EXCITING THAN YOUR OWN SEX FANTASIES, OR MORE BORING THAN SOMEBODY ELSE'S... THEN THERE'S THE QUESTION OF ART AND SELF-EXPRESSION... THIS IS NOT MERELY A COMICBOOK YOU'RE LOOKING AT, IT'S A PIECE OF ART... THAT IS, A VERY PERSONAL USE OF A TRADITIONALLY COMMERCIAL MEDIUM... WHAT MAKES IT ART AND NOT JUST ENTERTAINMENT IS THAT I DON'T QUITE SPECIFICALLY KNOW WHAT I'M DOING HERE... IT COMES OUT OF SOME PART OF ME THAT PUSHES MY CONSCIOUS MIND ASIDE... IT IS OFTEN RUDE, COARSE, AND OFFENSIVE, BUT IT FEELS LIKE IT'S HAPPY, AND SO, ARE WE DEALING WITH TROTH HERE OR RUBBER THE DUTIFULS OF AN OBSESSIVE-COMPULSIVE NEUROLOG? I STILL BELIEVE THAT ALL SHOULD COMMUNICATE, AND HAVE GOOD THINGS TO DISCUSS... THERE ARE MANY DIFFERENT TYPES OF COMMUNICATING, AND I'M NOT ASKING YOU TO GET THE JOINTURE IT TO COMMUNICATE, BUT TO GET THE JOINTURE IT TO COMMUNICATE.





LA DE DUM...IT'S PRETTY SOON DINNER TIME, ROBBIE... MYSELF, I'M SO HUNGRY I COULD EAT A HORSE... VE'LL SHTOPPEN AT ZA GROZERY UND GET ZUM SINGS, YAH?

...AND TOO ZA BAKERY FOR GETTIN' ZA APPLE SHTRUDEL YOU LOVE SO MUCH...TODAY IST WHEN IT'S COMENZEE FRESH FROM ZA OVEN!

UHH...



COME, COME, ROB... GETTEN ZE DRESSED NOW... FURST VEE GO SHOPPING UND ZEN GO HOME UND TAKE ZA GOOT HOT BATH, UND ZEN HAF ZA NIZE BIG DINNER!

YUM YUM



LITTLE MAN YOU'VE HAD ZA BUSY DAY!

SO CUTE...

HEY!! DON'T FORGET MY BOOK! GET MY BOOK!!



TOMORROW I T'INK VEE GO BY ZA LAKE...! ZEY HAVE ZUCH LOVELY FLOWER GARDEN'S OVER THERE— OH, VOT YOU T'INK IF VEE PUT ZUM BULBS IN BY ZA FRONT SHTEPS?? YUST TO BRIGHTEN UP ZA ENTRYWAY— UND ZEY COME BACK EVERY YEAR, YOU KNOW—

YEAH, SURE! WHATEVER YOU WANT!

JEEZIZ I WISH SHED SHUT UP SO I COULD CONCENTRATE ON THIS BOOK... ULP! UH OH, BAY BEE!!



I T'INK VEE SHOUD BUY A DOOST BOOSTER...MY FRIEND KIRSTEN HAS VON OF DOZE...I WATCHED HER USEN IT VUNKE...DAS IST A VERY CONNIENT DEVICE FOR TO KEEPER ZA PLACE LOOKEN SPIC UND SPAN— STOP STARRING AT ZAT POOR UNFORTUNATE NEGRO LADY! ON! UT NOT ROUTE! SHE CAN'T HELPEN IT IF SHE GOTTS TO GO MIT OUT SHOOD UND YORK IN ZA FIELD...TSK TSK—POOR T'ING...

READ YOUR BOOK, ROBBIE!

DEAR JEEZIZ GOD IN HEAVEN WHAT A PRIMAL LOOKIN' THING! OH MAN! LOOK AT THOSE BROWN SHINY LEGS! THE- THE SENSUOUS SWING OF HER AIDS! OH WHAT A COLD CRUEL WORLD! WHAT A HARSH FATE! SHE'S GOING THAT WAY, I'M GOING THIS WAY... BOO HOO...IT'S NOT FAIR! I'M NEVER TO MEET HER OR TASTE THE PLEASURES OF HER EARTHY CHARM! OH WELL, SHE WOULDN'T LIKE ME ANYWAY...SOB SOB—I WANT HER SO BAD...WHINE...



DAT RILEY'S BEEN HERE, GOT MY FURNITURE AN' GONE

END

BY
R CRUMB 69

1. The first part of the document is a list of names and addresses, which appears to be a directory or a list of contacts. The names are written in a cursive script, and the addresses are listed below them.

DUNN, AND, BUT WHAT'S ALL OF EXISTENTIALISM?? THE WHOLE THING STARTED WITH THIS AMERICAN FRANCHISE NAMED THE CAFE. IN THE 1940s AND 1950s CAME OUT WITH A NEW LITTE TONE CALLED

ABRIDGED
EXCERPT

DON'T KILL
IT, MONSIEUR!!

I DID IT
A FAVOR

MONDAY There is a sunbeam on the paper now. In the sunbeam there is
 a little black bird. It is looking at me and raising its antennae
 as if it were talking to me. It is the color of soot. It is very
 small. It is standing with the gold wire in the sun.

WHY AM I HERE — AND WHY
SHOULDN'T I BE HERE? IT IS
NOON I AM WAITING FOR THE
TO SLEEP. IN FOUR DAYS I
FEEL AS IF I HAD BEEN DEAD
AGAIN FOR THE LAST TIME.
FOR LIVING.

ARE YOU
WELL, ANSWERED
DO YOU FEEL
ALRIGHT?

THE SELF-
THOUGHT MAN
WON'T ME
OUT OF THE
CORNER OF
HIS EYE.
I WAS
GLAD TO
SEE HIM.
I NEEDED
TO TALK.

HOW GLAD I AM TO
HAVE YOU AT MY TABLE!
IF YOU COULD WE
GO AND SIT NEXT
TO ME. I SENT EMER
YOU ARE WAITING FOR THE BILL

AND THEN, THROUGH THE
WINDOWS SEEN BY THE
ARCHED ROOFS OF THE MATH
AND SEAS. SEE THE SEA.
A NEW, COMPACT.

WHAT FOR?

THE MAN WHO
TRIES TO LIVE
THE PURE ARE IN THE
OUT THERE. OVERCASTS.

WHAT ALL THESE PEOPLE
ARE GOING TO LIVE WITHOUT ME
BY GOD. THEY WILL GO TO WORK
I WILL GO NOWHERE, I HAVE MY
WORK.

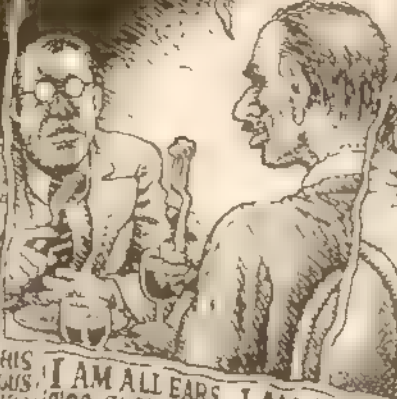
THE SELF-THOUGHT MAN PUTS DOWN THE
BREAD IN HIS SMALL BITE
HE GRABS HIS KNIFE AND FORK WITH HIS
HE GLANCES AT THE WAITER WHO
HOLDING THE PAPER

I USUALLY COME HERE WITH A BOOK, EVEN THOUGH IT'S AGAINST DOCTOR'S ORDERS, ONE EATS TOO QUICKLY AND DOESN'T CHEW. BUT I HAVE A STOMACH LIKE AN OSTRICH. I CAN SWALLOW ANYTHING.

DURING THE WINTER OF 1917, WHEN I WAS A PRISONER, THE FOOD WAS SO BAD THAT EVERYONE GOT ILL. NATURALLY, I ATE IN THE SILENT LINE EVERYBODY ELSE. BUT NOTHING WAS THE MATTER.

HE HAD BEEN A PRISONER OF WAR... THIS IS THE FIRST TIME HE MENTIONED IT TO ME; I CAN'T GET OVER IT: I CAN'T PICTURE HIM AS ANYTHING OTHER THAN THE SELF-TAUGHT MAN.

WHERE WERE YOU A PRISONER?



HE DOESN'T ANSWER. HE PUTS DOWN HIS FORK AND LOOKS AT ME WITH PRODIGIOUS INTENSITY. HE IS GOING TO TELL ME HIS TROUBLES. NOW I REMEMBER HE SAID SOMETHING WAS WRONG, IN THE LIBRARY

I AM ALL EARS. I AM ONLY TOO GLAD TO FEEL PITY FOR OTHER PEOPLE'S TROUBLES THAT WILL BE A CHANGE. I HAVE NO TROUBLES, I HAVE MONEY LIKE A CAPITALIST, NO BOSS, NO WIFE, NO CHILDREN; I EXIST, THAT'S ALL.

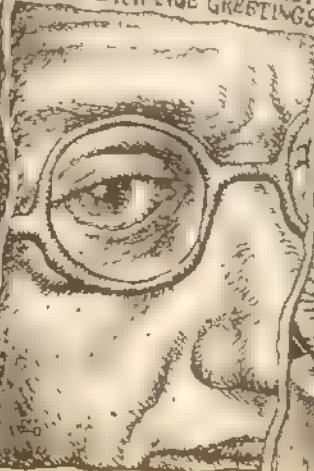
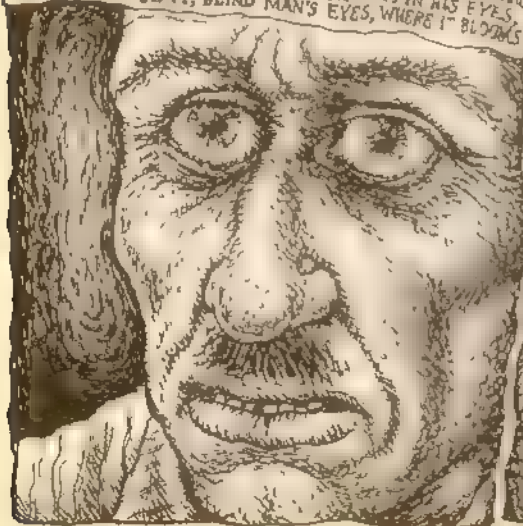
...AND THAT TROUBLE IS SO VAGUE, SO METAPHYSICAL THAT I AM ASHAMED OF IT.



THE SELF-TAUGHT MAN DOESN'T SEEM TO WANT TO TALK. WHAT A CURIOUS LOOK HE GIVES ME. IT ISN'T A CASUAL GLANCE, BUT HEART SEARCHING. THE SOUL OF THE SELF-TAUGHT MAN IS IN HIS EYES. HIS MAGNIFICENT, BLIND MAN'S EYES, WHERE IT BLOODS

LET MINE DO THE SAME. LET IT COME AND STICK ITS NOSE AGAINST THE WINDOWS; THEY COULD EXCHANGE GREETINGS.

I DON'T WANT ANY COMMUNION OF SOULS, I HAVEN'T FALLEN SO LOW. I DRAW BACK. BUT THE SELF-TAUGHT MAN THROWS HIS CHEST OUT ABOVE THE TABLE, HIS EYES NEVER LEAVING MINE



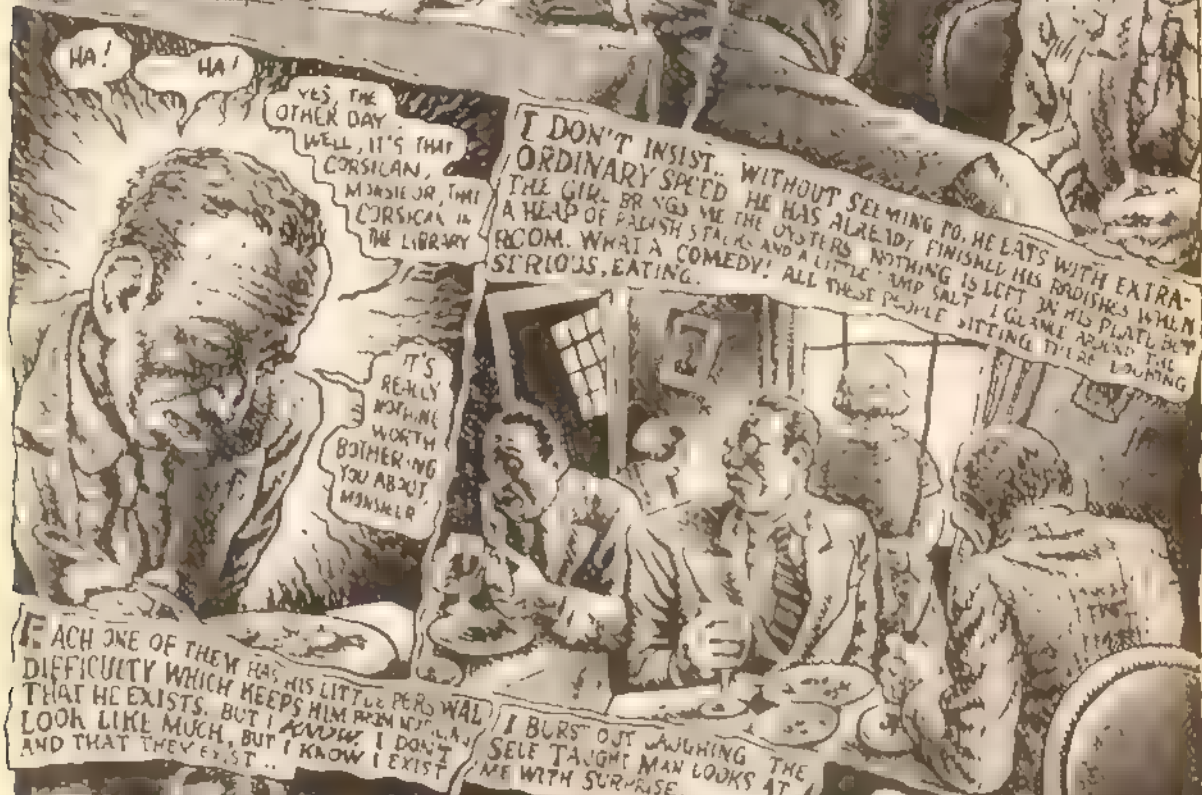


FORTUNATELY, THE WAITRESS BRINGS HIS RADISHES HE DROPS BACK IN HIS CHAIR, HIS SOUL LEAVES HIS EYES, AND HE DOZILY BEGINS TO EAT.

HAVE YOU STRAIGHTENED OUT YOUR TROUBLES?

WHAT TROUBLES MONSIEUR?

YOU KNOW, THE OTHER DAY YOU TOLD ME -



HA! HA!

YES, THE OTHER DAY WELL, IT'S THAT CORSICAN, MONSIEUR, THAT CORSICAN IN THE LIBRARY

I DON'T INSIST. WITHOUT SEEING TO, HE EATS WITH EXTRA-ORDINARY SPEED. HE HAS ALREADY FINISHED HIS RADISHES WHEN THE GIRL BRINGS ME THE OYSTERS. NOTHING IS LEFT IN HIS PLATE BUT A HEAP OF RADISH STALKS AND A LITTLE 'AND SALT' I GLANCE AROUND THE ROOM. WHAT A COMEDY! ALL THESE PEOPLE SITTING THERE LOOKING SERIOUS, EATING.

IT'S REALLY NOTHING WORTH BOTHERING YOU ABOUT, MONSIEUR

EACH ONE OF THEM HAS HIS LITTLE PERSONAL DIFFICULTY WHICH KEEPS HIM FROM DYING. THAT HE EXISTS. BUT I KNOW I DON'T LOOK LIKE MUCH, BUT I KNOW I EXIST AND THAT THEY EXIST...

I BURST OUT LAUGHING THE SELF TAUGHT MAN LOOKS AT ME WITH SURPRISE.

HA HA HA HA

DO YOU SAY MONSIEUR

I WAS JUST THINKING THAT HERE WE SIT, ALL OF US EATING AND DRINKING TO PRESERVE OUR PREVIOUS EXISTENCE AND REALLY THERE IS ABSOLUTELY NOTHING, ABSOLUTELY NO REASON FOR EXISTING!

HA HA HA HA



THE SELF-TAUGHT MAN BECOMES SERIOUS. HE MAKES AN EFFORT TO "UNDERSTAND ME."

I LAUGHED TOO LOUD: I SAW SEVERAL FACES TURN TOWARDS ME. THEN, REGRETTED HAVING SAID SO MUCH, AFTER ALL, THAT'S NOBODY'S BUSINESS.

NO REASON FOR EXISTING... YOU UNDOUBTEDLY MEAN, MONSIEUR, THAT LIFE IS WITHOUT A GOAL? ISN'T THAT WHAT ONE MIGHT CALL PESSIMISM?



HE THINKS FOR AN INSTANT. THEN SAYS GENTLY

A FEW YEARS AGO I READ A BOOK BY AN AMERICAN AUTHOR IT WAS CALLED "IS LIFE WORTH LIVING?"

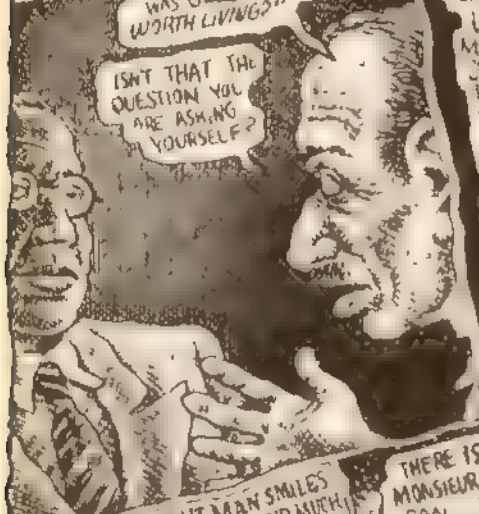
ISN'T THAT THE QUESTION YOU ARE ASKING YOURSELF?

CERTAINLY NOT, THAT IS NOT THE QUESTION I AM ASKING MYSELF, BUT I HAVE NO DESIRE TO EXPLAIN

MY CONCLUSION IS IN FAVOR OF VOLUNTARY OPTIMISM. LIFE HAS A MEANING IF WE CHOOSE TO GIVE IT ONE. ONE MUST FIRST ACT, THEN ONE'S SELF AND SOME OTHER PRIZE

THEN, IF ONE REFLECTS, THE DIE IS ALREADY CAST, ONE IS PLEDGED. I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU THINK ABOUT THAT, MONSIEUR?

NOTHING...



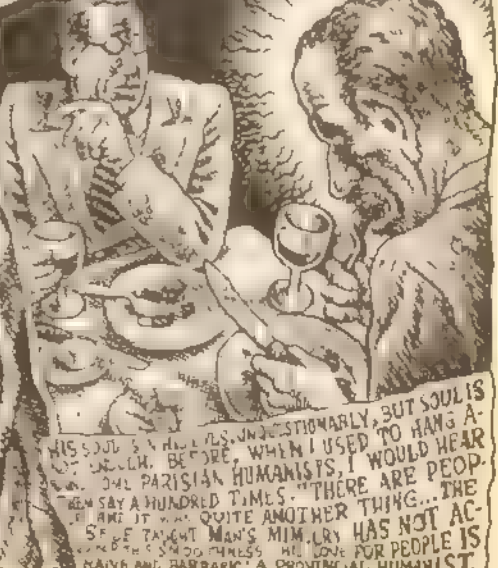
THE SELF-TAUGHT MAN SMILES WITH A LITTLE MALICE AND MUCH SOLEMNITY.

NEITHER IS IT MY OPINION. I DO NOT THINK WE NEED LOOK SO FAR TO KNOW THE DIRECTION OUR LIFE SHOULD TAKE.

AH?

THERE IS A GOAL, MONSIEUR, THERE IS A GOAL... THERE IS HUMANITY!

THAT'S RIGHT - I FORGOT HE WAS A HUMANIST. HE REMAINS SILENT FOR A MOMENT LONG ENOUGH TO MAKE MOST OF HIS SPICED REEF AND A WHOLE SLICE OF BREAD DISAPPEAR CLEANLY AND INEXORABLY. "THERE ARE PEOPLE..." HE HAS JUST PAINTED A WHOLE PICTURE OF HIMSELF, THIS PHILOSOPHER.



HIS SOUL IS A WHOLE, UNQUESTIONABLY, BUT SOULS DO NOT EXIST. BEFORE, WHEN I USED TO HANG AROUND THE PARISIAN HUMANISTS, I WOULD HEAR THEM SAY A HUNDRED TIMES: "THERE ARE PEOPLE." AND IT WAS QUITE ANOTHER THING... THE SELF-TAUGHT MAN'S MIMICRY HAS NOT ACQUIRED THE SMOOTHNESS HE LOOKS FOR. PEOPLE IS NAME AND BARBARIC: A PROVINCIAL HUMANIST.

PEOPLE, PEOPLE... IN ANY CASE, YOU DON'T SEEM TO WORRY ABOUT THEM VERY MUCH: YOU'RE ALWAYS ALONE, ALWAYS WITH YOUR NOSE IN A BOOK.

THE SELF-THOUGHT MAN CLAPS HIS HANDS AND BEGINS TO LAUGH MALICIOUSLY.

HA HA HA...

YOU'RE WRONG. AH, MONSIEUR, ALLOW ME TO TELL YOU SO. WHAT AN ERROR!

HE PULLS HIMSELF TOGETHER FOR AN INSTANT AND FINISHES A DISCREET GULP. HIS FACE IS RADIANT AS DAWN. BEHIND HIM THE YOUNG WOMAN BREATHE OUT IN A LIGHT LAUGH. HER FRIEND BENDS OVER HER, WHISPERING IN HER EAR.

YOUR ERROR IS ONLY TOO NATURAL. I SHOULD HAVE TOLD YOU A LONG TIME AGO... BUT I AM SO TIMID, MONSIEUR...

I WAS WAITING FOR THE OPPORTUNITY.

I ASSURE HIM THAT HE ISN'T. HE BREATHES A SIGH OF HAPPINESS.

A LITTLE WHILE AGO I SPOKE OF MY CAPTIVITY IN GERMANY. IT ALL STARTED THERE. BEFORE THE WAR I WAS LOVELY AND DIDN'T REALIZE IT. I LIVED WITH MY PARENTS, GOOD PEOPLE, BUT I DIDN'T GET ALONG WITH THEM. WHEN I THINK OF THOSE YEARS... HOW COULD I HAVE LIVED THAT WAY? I WAS DEAD, MONSIEUR, AND I DIDN'T KNOW IT; I HAD A COLLECTION OF POSTAGE STAMPS...

HERE IT IS...

I THINK SO TOO... I THINK SO TOO!

MONSIEUR, WHAT I AM ABOUT TO TELL YOU....

BUT PERHAPS I AM IMPOSING ON YOU?

ONE DOES NOT FIND MEN LIKE YOU, EVEN IN MYSELF, MEN WHOSE BREADTH OF VIEW IS WIDE TO SO MUCH PENETRATING. I HAVE BEEN WAITING TO SPEAK TO YOU FOR MONTHS. WHAT I HAVE BEEN, WHAT I HAVE BECOME.

MONSIEUR, YOU ARE PALE, YOU LOOK FATIGUED. I HOPE I'M NOT DISTURBING YOU?

I STUDY THE SELF TAUGHT MAN WITH A LITTLE REMORSE: HE HAS BEEN HAPPY ALL THE WEEK IMAGINING THIS LUNCHEON, WHERE HE COULD SHARE HIS LOVE OF MEN WITH ANOTHER MAN. HE HAS SO RARELY THE OPPORTUNITY TO SPEAK. AND NOW I HAVE SPOILED HIS PLEASURE. AT HEART HE IS AS LONELY AS I AM; NO ONE CARES ABOUT HIM. ONLY HE DOESN'T REALIZE HIS SOLITUDE.

?

WELL, YES, BUT IT ISN'T UP TO ME TO OPEN HIS EYES. I FEEL VERY ILL AT EASE. A SURGE OF LAUGHTER FROM THE SELF TAUGHT MAN PULLS ME OUT OF MY SAD REFLECTIONS.

HA HA
HA HA

YOU WILL EXCUSE ME, BUT WHEN I THINK OF THE DEPTH OF MY LOVE FOR PEOPLE, OF THE FORCE WHICH IMPELS ME TOWARDS THEM, AND WHEN I SEE US HERE, REASONING, ARGUING, IT MAKES ME WANT TO LAUGH.

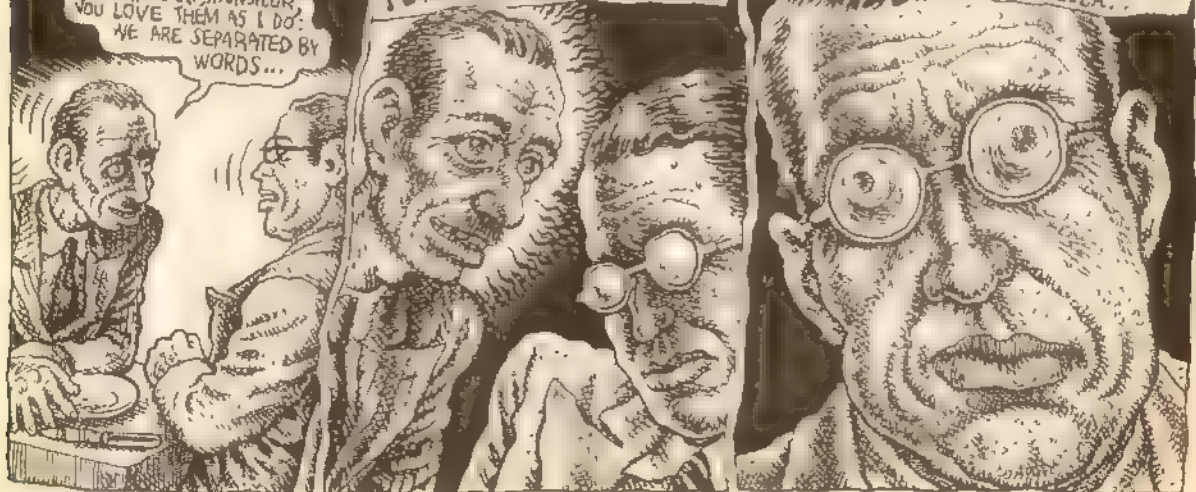
I KEEP QUIET, I SMILE CONSTRAINEDLY. I GLANCE AROUND THE ROOM AND A VIOLENT DISGUST FLOODS ME. WHAT AM I DOING HERE? WHY DID I HAVE TO GET MIXED UP IN A DISCUSSION ON HUMANISM?

THE SELF-TAUGHT MAN GROWS SOFTER. HE EXPECTED MORE RESISTANCE ON MY PART. HE LEANS TOWARD ME CONFIDENTIALLY.

YOU LOVE THEM AT HEART, MONSIEUR, YOU LOVE THEM AS I DO: WE ARE SEPARATED BY WORDS...

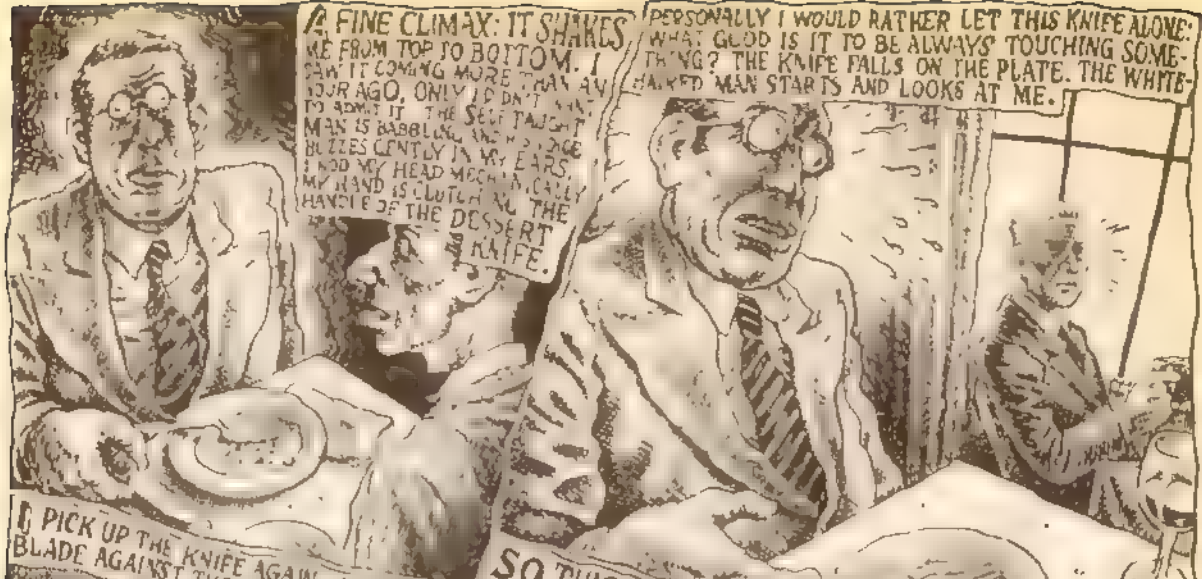
I CAN'T SPEAK ANY MORE I BOW MY HEAD. THE SELF-TAUGHT MAN'S FACE IS CLOSE TO MINE. HE SMILES FOOLISHLY, ALL THE WHILE CLOSE TO MY FACE, LIKE A NIGHTMARE.

WITH DIFFICULTY I CHEW A PIECE OF BREAD WHICH I CAN'T MAKE UP MY MIND TO SWALLOW. PEOPLE... I WANT TO VOMIT—AND SUD- DENLY, THERE IT IS: THE NAUSEA...



A FINE CLIMAX: IT SHAKES ME FROM TOP TO BOTTOM. I SAW IT COMING MORE THAN AN HOUR AGO, ONLY I DIDN'T WANT TO ADMIT IT. THE SELF TAUGHT MAN IS RABBLING AND HIS VOICE BUZZES GENTLY IN MY EARS. MY HAND IS CLUTCHING THE HANDLE OF THE DESSERT KNIFE.

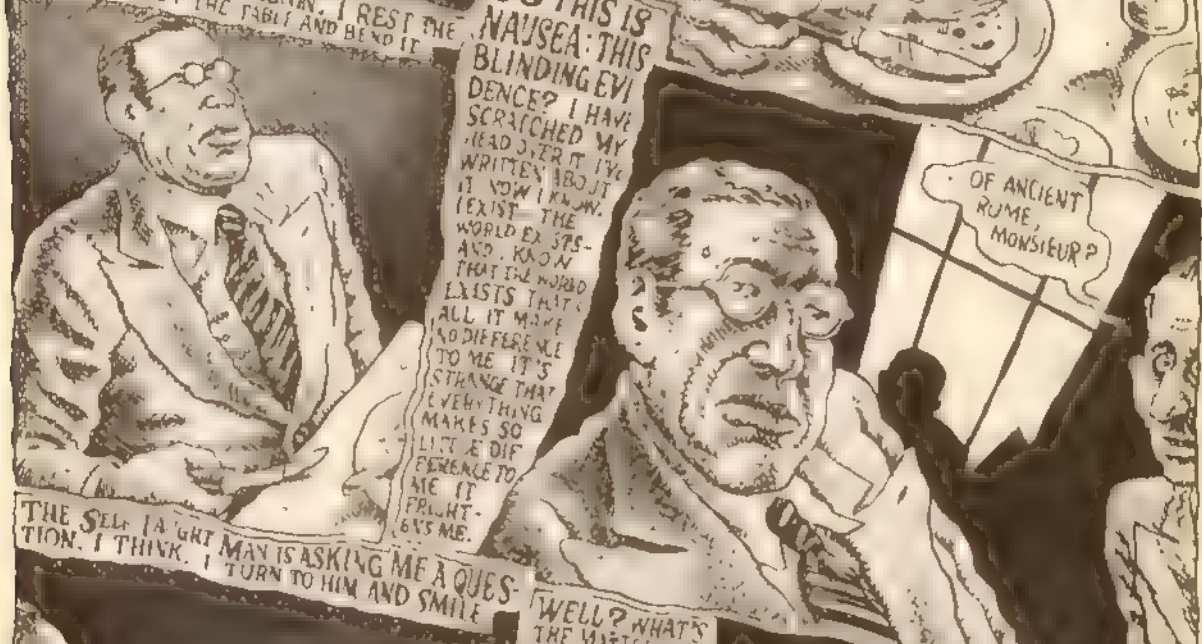
PERSONALLY I WOULD RATHER LET THIS KNIFE ALONE: WHAT GOOD IS IT TO BE ALWAYS TOUCHING SOMETHING? THE KNIFE FALLS ON THE PLATE. THE WHITE-HAIRED MAN STARTS AND LOOKS AT ME.



I PICK UP THE KNIFE AGAIN. I REST THE BLADE AGAINST THE TABLE AND BEND IT.

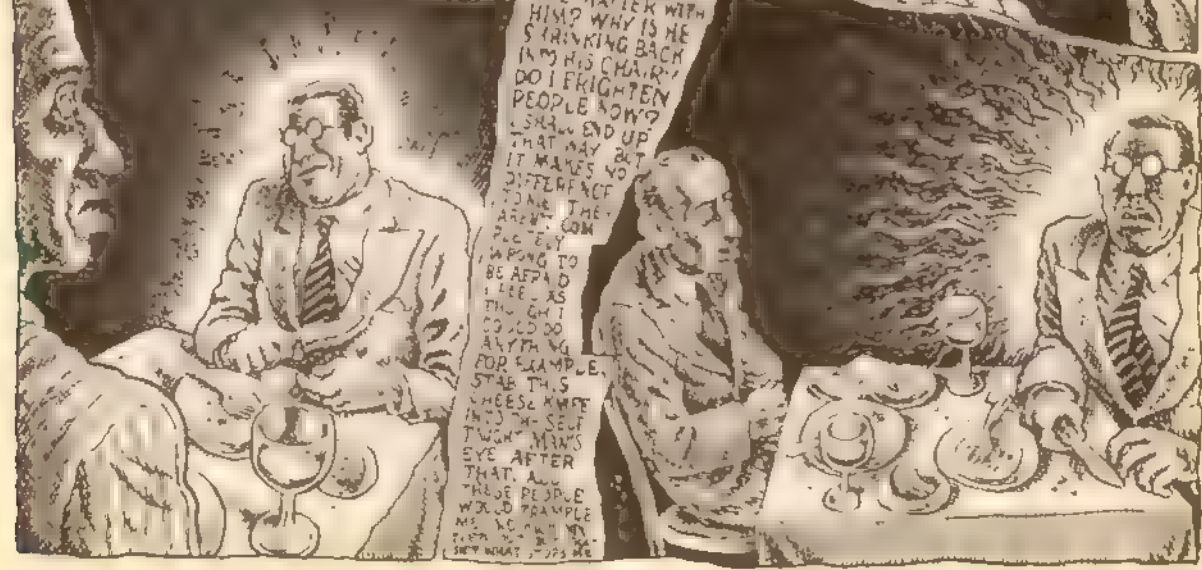
SO THIS IS NAUSEA: THIS BLINDING EVIDENCE? I HAVE SCRATCHED MY HEAD OVER IT. I'VE WRITTEN ABOUT IT NOW I KNOW. I EXIST - THE WORLD EXISTS - AND I KNOW THAT THE WORLD EXISTS THAT ALL IT MAKES NO DIFFERENCE TO ME. IT'S STRANGE THAT EVERYTHING MAKES SO LITTLE DIFFERENCE TO ME. IT FRIGHTENS ME.

OF ANCIENT RUME, MONSIEUR?



THE SELF TAUGHT MAN IS ASKING ME A QUESTION. I THINK. I TURN TO HIM AND SMILE.

WELL? WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH HIM? WHY IS HE S TRINKING BACK IN HIS CHAIR? DO I FRIGHTEN PEOPLE NOW? I SHALL END UP THAT WAY BUT IT MAKES NO DIFFERENCE TO ME. THE AREN'T COMING TO BE AFRAID OF ME. AS THE GUY I COULD DO ANYTHING FOR EXAMPLE. STAB THIS CHEESE KNIFE INTO THE SELF TAUGHT MAN'S EYE AFTER THAT. ALL THESE PEOPLE WOULD TRAMPLE ME. NO ONE WOULD CARE. THEN I WOULD SEE WHAT THEY WOULD SAY.



THE SELF THOUGHT MAN'S CRY WOULD BE NO MORE
—AND THE BLOOD FLOWING DOWN HIS FACE
ALL THE PEOPLE JUMPING UP THEM WERE
THINGS LIKE THAT WHICH EXIST AROUND
IS WATCHING ME: THE TWO HUNDRED THOUSANDS OF
YOUTH HAVE INTERRUPTED THEIR LOVE CHAT.

THE WOMAN'S MOUTH LOOKS LIKE A CHICKEN'S
BACKSIDE AND YET THEY DON'T JUST FEEL I
AM HARMLESS



I GET
UP. EVERY
THING SPINS
AROUND ME
THE SELF
THOUGHT
MAN STARES
AT ME
WITH
HIS GREAT
EYES
AND
I DON'T
GO OUT

LEAVING
ALREADY??

I'M A
LITTLE TIRED
IF YOU
WILL
I'D LIKE
TO GO
HOME

I COULD
THROW THE
KNIFE
AT YOU
IF YOU
DON'T
STOP
TALKING
TO ME
LIKE THIS
IT'S A
PAIN
TO
HEAR
YOU
TALK



IT ISN'T WORKING THE BRASS. I DON'T WANT
TO GO BACK AND SEE THE MAN WHO
AT MY FACE SO THEY ARE NOW. I AM IN THE
MIDDLE

THEY DON'T ANSWER
WHEN I LEAVE
NOW THE
COME BACK TO THEM CHEERS. THEY LEAVE
ME ALONE



OKAY, WE'VE HAD OUR RUN, WALLOWED IN OUR PERVERSITY NOW IT'S TIME TO SHAKE OUR FIST AT THE INDUSTRY OF THE SYSTEM. TIME TO VENT OUR RAGE AT THE RICH AND POWERFUL WHO FORCE US ALL TO LIVE IN THIS POLLUTED CONCRETE JUNGLE... TIME FOR OUR SERIOUS POLITICAL PROTEST FEATURE..

POINT THE FINGER

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HELLO.. IN THIS ISSUE OF **HUP** WE'RE GOING TO POINT THAT MERCILESS FINGER AT ONE OF THE MORE VISIBLE OF THE BIG-TIME PREDATORS WHO FEED ON THIS SOCIETY...

THIS CRASS AND VENAL CHARACTER IS SO ARROGANT HE SEEKS OUT THE SPOTLIGHT AND PUBLICLY BOASTS OF HIS DISGUSTING EXPLOITS!

HE DIDN'T ASK TO MAKE AN APPEARANCE IN **HUP** BUT WE'VE BROUGHT HIM HERE ANYWAY AS A SPECIAL SURPRISE FOR YOU, OUR READERS! SO LET'S GET HIM OUT HERE! LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, ONE OF THE MOST EVIL MEN ALIVE, REAL ESTATE TYCOON **DONALD TRUMP!**

HEY, DON-- UGH! YOU'RE SO WATERFUL I CAN'T EVEN LOOK AT YOU!!

LISTEN, WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT?!

NOW BE A GOOD BOY, DONALD!

HEY, I WANT TO EXPRESS MY APPRECIATION TO TRACY AND MARNY HERE, TWO VERY TOUGH LADIES WHO WORMED THEIR WAY INTO THE TRUMP ORGANIZATION AND SPIRITED OUR GUEST OUTA THERE BY BODILY FORCE!!

IT WAS FUN!

PEACE A CAKE, ROB!

WHAT DO YOU WANT WITH ME? IS THIS SUPPOSED TO BE SOME KIND OF A JOKE??

I'LL ASK TH' QUESTIONS YOU SLINE-BALL! TH'S MY SHOW, R CRUMB'S POINT THE FINGER!!

R CRUMB?? WHO'S HE?? NEVER HEARD OF 'IM! YOU SOME KINDA SELF-STYLED TERRORIST OR WHAT?

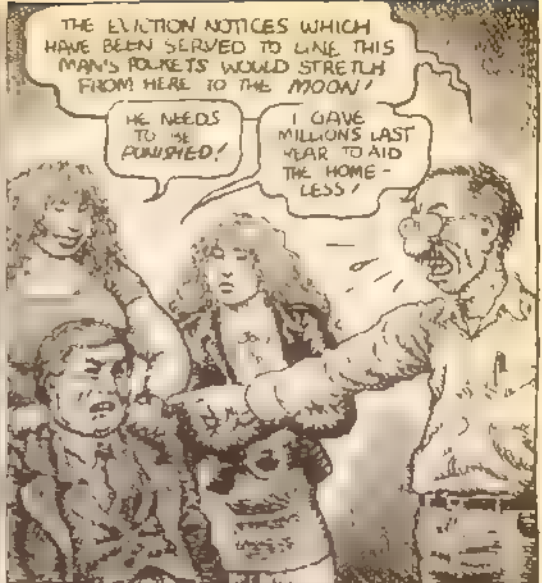
EASY THERE, BIG FELLA!



SIT DOWN, DONALD!

YOU PEOPLE ARE IN BIG TROUBLE!

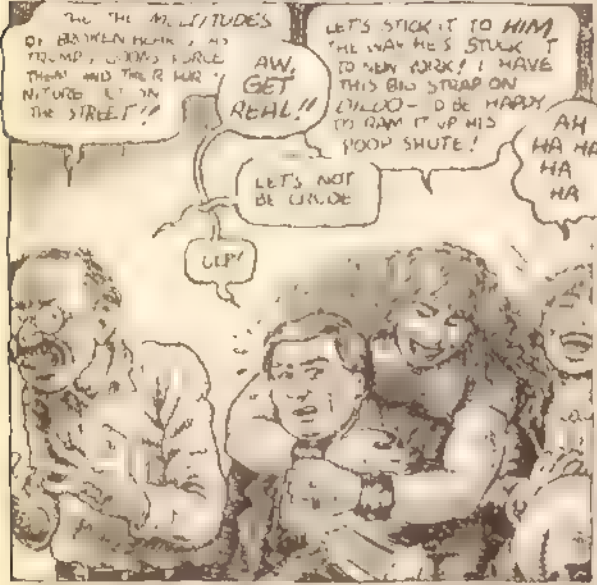
AHEM! SINGLEHANDEDLY MAKING THE WORLD AN UGLIER PLACE TO LIVE IN IS ONE OF TRUMP'S LESSER CRIMES AGAINST HUMANITY!



THE EVICTION NOTICES WHICH HAVE BEEN SERVED TO LINE THIS MAN'S POCKETS WOULD STRETCH FROM HERE TO THE MOON!

HE NEEDS TO BE PUNISHED!

I GAVE MILLIONS LAST YEAR TO AID THE HOME-LESS!



THE THE MULTITUDES OF BRAKEN HEAR, HIS TRUMP, WITH FORCE THEM AND THEIR NATURE LIT ON THE STREET!

AW, GET REAL!!

LET'S STICK IT TO HIM THE WAY HE'S STUCK IT TO NEW YORK! I HAVE THIS BIG STRAP ON LILLOO - I'D BE HAPPY TO RAM IT UP HIS POOH SHUTE!

AH HA HA HA HA

LET'S NOT BE CRUDE

LEP!



-AND WHY? WHY DOES HE KEEP DOING IT? HE'S ALREADY GOT BILLIONS - IT'S THE ART OF THE DEAL THAT KEEPS HIM GOING! DOWN AT THE 3TH 2 SHARK, AND A FEW PUBLIC AGENTS AND SHALL ANOTHER TEN JE NEEY INTO THE TRUMP VALIS

THIS IS SHEER DEMAGOGUERY! NO, I KNOW WHAT THIS IS? IT'S A WASTE OF MY TIME! IF THERE'S ONE THING I -

GRRRR

HISS!

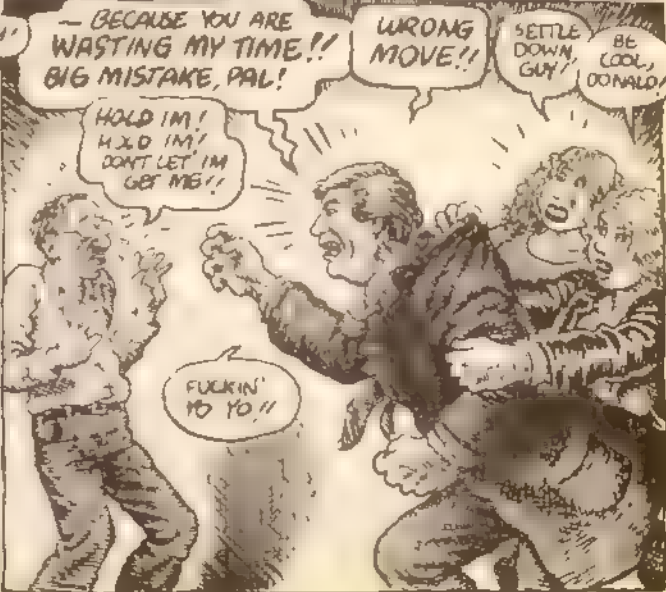


SHUT UP!! I'M GONNA -

NO, YOU SHUT UP!!

I HOPE YOU CAN AFFORD A GOOD LAWYER, PAL! YOU'RE GONNA NEED ONE!!

WHOAH!



- BECAUSE YOU ARE WASTING MY TIME!! BIG MISTAKE, PAL!

WRONG MOVE!!

SETTLE DOWN, GUY!

BE COOL, DONALD!

HOLD IM! HXD IM! DON'T LET IM GET ME!!

FUCKIN' YO YO!!

YOU'RE A STUPID, STUPID GUY. YOU'VE PUT YOUR ASS IN A NO-WIN POSITION, FUCK WAD! YOUR RINKY-DINK LITTLE CAREER IS DOWN THE TOILET AS OF NOW! I'LL SEE TA THAT!!

U MON, BACK OFF, DONALD!

STOP SCARING ROBBIE- HE'S VERY SENSITIVE! NOT LIKE YOU, YA BIG BULLY!

WHY DO YOU HANG OUT WITH HIM? WHAT'S IN IT FOR YOU? YOU COULD BOTH BE DOING SO MUCH BETTER! YOU'RE VERY STRIKING, OBVIOUSLY SMART WOMEN. YOU'RE SELLING YOURSELF VERY SHORT!

CUT TH' FLATTERY, DON- WE DON'T BUY IT!!

I MEAN, LOOK AT HIM- A PICTURE OF NEGATIVITY! FILLED WITH HATE! POISONED BY JEALOUSY FOR ANYONE WHO'S SUCCESSFUL AND ATTRACTIVE TO WOMEN!

HEY, THIS'S MY -

OKAY, I'M A HUSTLER! I'M HAVING FUN DOING WHAT I DO- IF IT CAN'T BE FUN, WHAT'S THE POINT? PEOPLE LIKE HIM CAN'T STAND TO SEE THAT! TH' POOR MISGUIDED WRETCH!

BULL-SHIT! THERE'S ALOT MORE TO IT AND YOU -

IT'S A SHAME- IT REALLY IS - YOU KNOW, I PERCEIVE YOU AS A VERY TALENTED ARTIST... IF YOU HAD COME TO MY OFFICE AND TALKED TO ME, I COULD VE BEEN A BIG HELP TO YOU - I'M VERY GOOD AT HELPING PEOPLE OVERCOME OBSTACLES AND PERFORM BETTER AT THEIR WORK. IT'S A REAL CHALLENGE!

BUT NO, YOU BLEAT IT.

THAT'S SUCH A LOAD A' -

HE IS AWESOMELY CHARISMATIC.

I DON'T HOLD IT AGAINST PEOPLE THAT HAVE OPPRESSED ME - I'M ALWAYS LOOKING FOR THE BEST TALENT WHEREVER I CAN AND IT- BUT YOU'VE COMMITTED THE UNFORGIVEABLE SIN -

FOR WASTING MY TIME THE PAYBACK IS A MOTHER - FUCKER!!

LISTEN, LADIES WHY DON'T YOU COME ON OVER TO THE WINNING TEAM- IT'S THE ONLY HUMAN NATURE TO WANTA GO WITH THE WINNERS

WELL, IT AIN'T HIM!

NOW JUST A DOGGONE MINUTE HERE!

A CERTAIN BULL SH CHARM

SNICKER

HEY, TELL YA WHAT! I WANT YOU TWO TO FLY DOWN TO MAR A LAGO WITH ME TONIGHT 'N MY LEER JET. IVANA AND I ARE THROWING A HUMONGOUS BANQUET IN HONOR OF SOME GOOD FRIENDS 'N THE BUSINESS... GREAT MUSIC—FIVE DIFFERENT BANDS. ABSOLUTELY FABULOUS FOOD! YOU'LL A B SHOULDERS WITH MOVIE STARS, SENATORS, FAMOUS ATHLETES...

OH, NOW YOU'RE TALKING, DON!

BUT BUT—

YOU'LL SEE A TRIBAL CHEFTAIN FROM BOTSWANA LARVE EXOTIC MEATS IN TIME TO THE RHYTHM OF DRUMMERS 'IMPORTED FROM AFRICA JUST FOR THE OCCASION!

INCREDIBLE ACROBATS FROM ROUMANIA AND EXOTIC DANCERS FROM GOD KNOWS—WHERE WILL PERFORM FOR US WHILE WE GRAZE...

YOU'LL EACH GET A FREE MANICURE BEFORE DINING, AND EVERY GUEST WILL FIND A UNIQUE AND VALUABLE GIFT HIDDEN IN THEIR SERVING OF DESSERT!

SHHH... DON'T TELL!

OH MY GOSH!

BUT—

* TRUMP'S PALM BEACH ESTATE IN PALM BEACH, FLORIDA

—AND MY FAVORITE PART—HEN HEN—A LITTLE PLAY WE'RE PUTTING ON—A LITTLE DRAMATIZATION OF MY STRUGGLE TO GET "TELEVISION CITY" MOVING FORWARD... I'M BE PLAYING MYSELF DON'T LAUGH (CHUCKLE)—ILLUMINATING 'N THE UNVEILING OF AN AWESOME FOOT ARCHITECTURAL MODEL OF OUR LATEST REVISED DESIGN FOR THE COMPLEX!

GOOD LORD! YOU'RE—YOU'RE TRIMALCHIO* FROM PETRONIUS'S "SATYRICON"!!

AND YOU'RE A HIGHLY LITERATE SOB, AREN'T CHA?!

AFTER THE BANQUET IVANA AND I AND A FEW INTIMATE FRIENDS WILL BOARD THE YACHT FOR A LITTLE LATE NIGHT BAL-CHANEL. YOU'RE BOTH WELCOME TO JOIN US. THERE'LL BE SOME EXTREMELY WELL-HEELED ELIGIBLE YOUNG GUYS ON BOARD.

IT'S JUST LIKE THE ROMAN EMPIRE!

NOTHING'S CHANGED IN 2,000 YEARS.

LIGHTEN UP, ROB!

—AND YOU ARE JUST THE SORT OF EXCEPTIONAL WOMEN I'D BE PROUD TO INTRODUCE TO THEM! HOW 'BOUT IT??

HOW CAN WE REFUSE, DONALD?

* VULGAR, NEW ROMAN CHARACTER 'N THE ANCIENT ROMAN CLASSIC—STILL GREAT READING TODAY!

YEAH, RIGHT!! HA HA HA HA

HA HA HA HA

WILL YOU BUY US NEW PARTY DRESSES, DON?

HEY, ATTN' BUT THE BEST!!

HA HA HA HA

AW JEEZ—DONALD HAS JUST PULLED OFF A 'HOSTILE TAKE OVER' OF TRACY AND MARNY, BUT I CAN'T BE ANGRY AT THEM—I SHOULD KNOW THEY'D BE SWEEPED AWAY BY TH DAZZLING AURA OF POWER AROUND THAT JERK.

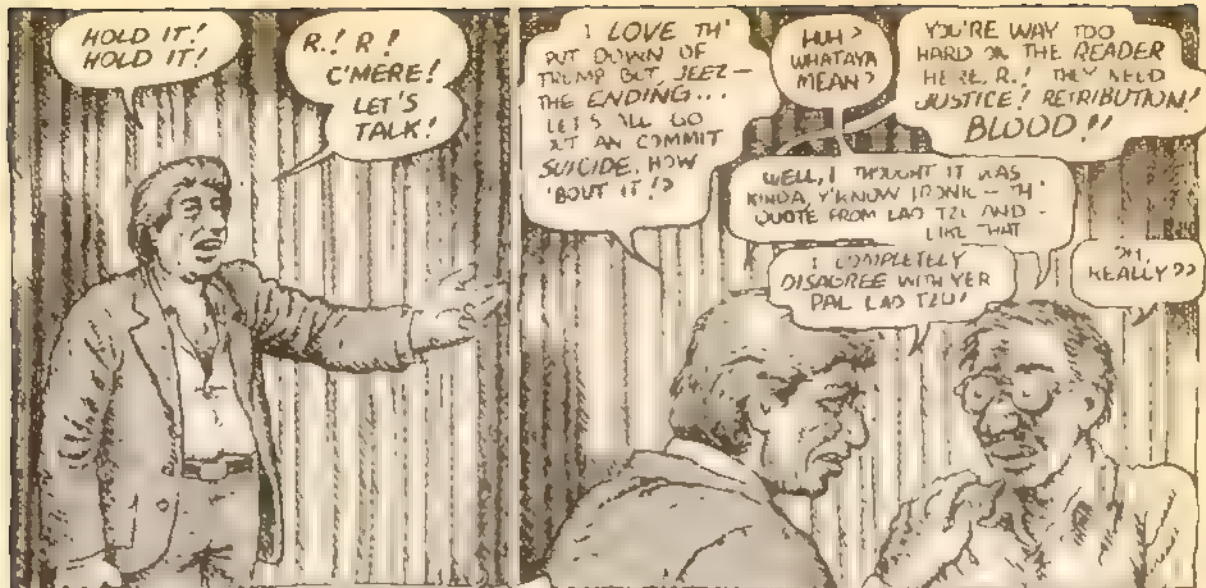
WHAT? YA GONNA DO...

FREEZE!!

YEAH YEAH

YOU GONNA COME ALONG QUIETLY??

NOT ALL ARE SURE TO TAKE AWAY FINE THINGS. THOSE WHO HAVE TOO MUCH AND LOVE TO HOARD MAY HAVE TOO LITTLE. MAN'S WAY 'N THE COMPANY IS TO TAKE AWAY FROM THOSE WHO HAVE TOO LITTLE TO GIVE MORE TO THOSE WHO ALREADY HAVE TOO MUCH. —LAO TSE, 4TH C. B.C.



HOLD IT!
HOLD IT!

R! R!
C'MERE!
LET'S
TALK!

I LOVE TH'
PUT DOWN OF
TRUMP BUT JEEZ -
THE ENDING...
LET'S ALL GO
AT AN COMMIT
SUICIDE. HOW
'BOUT IT?!

HUH >
WHATAYA
MEAN?

YOU'RE WAY TOO
HARD ON THE READER
HE SE. R.! THEY NEED
JUSTICE! RETRIBUTION!
BLOOD!!

WELL, I THOUGHT IT WAS
KINDA, Y'KNOW IDNK - TH'
QUOTE FROM LAD TEL AND -
LIKE THAT

I COMPLETELY
DISAGREE WITH YER
PAL LAD TEL!

YI,
KEALLY??



MUN IS NO
DIFFERENT FROM
NATURE - IT'S
ALL A BIG DOG -
EAT DOG KINDA
THING !!

BUT SIAN,
ALL THAT LARK.
I WON'T CHANGE
IT AND THAT'S -

SO AURKMT,
WELL JUST TALK IN
A SECOND ENDING, MAY?
TAKE IT FROM WHERE
TRUMP'S TELLING THE
GUY ABOUT THE
BANDJUT -

New
Ending

AFTER THE BANDJUT
YOU AND I AND A FEW IN-
VITE FRIENDS WILL HEARD THE
YAKT FOR A LITTLE LATE NIGHT
GALLHALLAL. YOU RE WITH WELL
COME TO JOIN US THERE'LL
BE SOME EXTREMELY
WELL HEED YOUNG
GUYS ON BOARD.

SOUNDS
FROM FULLY
BEGINAL TO
ME DWN..

THINK
IT'S
TIME
NOW,
KJB.

YES,
PERHAPS
IT IS.
WE'VE
HEARD
ENOUGH.



TAKE HIM
AWAY!

RIGHT
THIS
WAY
DUDE

I'M
A HARSH
TASK
MASTER

HEY WHATAYA -
WHAT'RE YOU DOING?!
WHERE'RE YOU
TAKING ME??

SHHH!

LET TH' SE A
LESSON AND A WARNING
TO ALL TH' WOULD BE
TRUMPS OUT
THIR

WUSA!

NO!! HELP!!
POLICE!!
OH PLEASE!!
I'VE GOT A FAMILY -
I WANT TO
LIVE!!

BIG
BABY!

NO-O-O-O-O

SHOW
SOME
GLTS!

LET GO,
DON! STOP
STRUGGLING!

NYA
HA HA
HEY, IT
CAN'T BE
FUN, WHAT'S
THE POINT?
HAR HAR.

FLUSH
GURGLE
BLUB
BLARBLE
GLURBLE

UPSY
DAISY!

IF ANYBODY DESERVES A
'SWIRLY' IT'S AMERICA'S HOTTEST
'YOUNG BILLIONAIRE'—
PHAW HAW!!

NICE
WORK,
LADIES!

9 BUBBLE ON BACK OF 'YOUNG B'
BEST SELLING ALTD BOOK

AND ISN'T THIS A
NUTTY KINDA COUNTRY
WHERE YOU CAN DRAW
ANY 'IRREVERENT JEERAD
ING THING YOU WANT
ABOUT TH MOST
POWERFUL PEOPLE
AND NOBODY CARES!
YOU DON'T GET INJURED,
YOU'RE NOT PERSECUTED.
IT'S JUST A YOU
JUP IN THE MARKET
PLACE!!

TA
HA
HA!

OKAY DON, THASSIT—
GET IN HELL OUT A HERE
AN KEEP YER NOSE
CLEAN!!

NEXT TIME
YOU MIGHT NOT
GET OFF SO
EASY!

JOB
WHIMPER

IT'S NOT
NUMBER AND
WEALTH THAT
WE ASK

IT'S ARTISTS
THAT WE
LIKE!!

YAHOO!

GURLS GURLS
I LOVE 'EM
I LOVE 'EM!

OH YOU'RE
SO
NASTY
GLIMP!!

PLORP

AH!
AWH!
OVER
HERE,
ROB!!

NOW
THAT'S MORE
LIKE IT,
R!

I LOVE IT, TOO,
STAN, BUT TH FIRST
ENDING WAS MORE
REALISTIC. HATE T'
TELL YUH!

OH I WSH I COULD DRAW BETTER!

THE END AWREADY

HUP! WE GET LETTERS!!



DEAR ROBERT:

HUP #1 WAS A GOOD REUNION ISSUE, NICE TO SEE WHAT MR. NATURAL AND FLAKEY FOOT HAVE BEEN UP TO THE LAST TEN YEARS. IRONICALLY, MANY PEOPLE IN THE REAL WORLD HAVE BECOME "SIXTIES BURN-OUTS" (MR. NATURAL) OR "JOE SUBURBS" (FOONT) LIKE OUR TWO HEROES THERE. THUS, TO KEEP UP WITH THE TIMES, I GUESS ANGELFOOD McSPADE HAS LOST WEIGHT AND IS NOW A WRITER FOR THE COSBY SHOW AND FRITZ THE CAT, JR. HAS WRITTEN A BOOK ABOUT HIS FATHER CALLED "FELINE PEEK SHOW!"

— BILLY FORD, RICHMOND, VIRGINIA

AFTER READING HUP NUMBERS ONE AND TWO FOR THE FIRST TIME I HAD TO WRITE. I HAVE BEEN READING COMICS ABOUT TWO YEARS NOW. WHEN I WAS A KID I READ COMICS, THEN I GAVE UP ON THEM.

THE WAY YOU DRAW IS SIMPLY FANTASTIC! THE DEVIL GIRL IS SENSATIONAL! I'D SURE LIKE TO SEE MORE OF HER. LOVED THE STORY OF THE MIGHTY POWER FEMS. IT WAS GREAT. ALL THE GIRLS WERE SUPER LOOKING, MY FAVORITE WAS ASHLEY.

I JUST LOVE BIG GIRLS, THE KIND YOU DRAW, I HOPE TO MEET MY DREAM GIRL SOMEDAY SOON. IT'S NOT EASY BECAUSE THERE ARE SO FEW GIRLS BUT LIKE DEVIL GIRL, THE STORY THE TROUBLE WITH WOMEN WAS SO MUCH LIKE MY EARLY YEARS IN SCHOOL. I CAN REALLY RELATE TO YOUR STORY AS I THINK THE SAME WAY I WANT TO MEET A GIRL WITH LARGE THIGHS AND A HUGE BIG ROUND ASS. SO, DO YOU HAVE ANY VIDEOS?

— RALPH DANIELS, SARDIS, B.C., CANADA

IT'S GREAT TO SEE YOU BACK IN YOUR OWN COMIX AGAIN. HUP #1 WAS A JOY TO READ. #2 LEAVES A BIT TO BE DESIRED IN THE CONTENT OF THE STORIES, BUT I THINK YOUR OBSESSION WITH FANTASY WILL RUN ITS COURSE AND YOU'LL BE A BETTER MAN & ARTIST FOR IT (THEN YOU CAN GO BACK TO WHAT YOU REALLY EXCEL AT, WHICH IS SOCIAL COMMENTARY).

I'M A 34-YEAR-OLD RECLUSIVE CRANK WHO LIVES WITH A WOMAN WHO HAS 15 PUPPETS THAT SHE COMMUNICATES TO ME WITH...

I THINK IT TAKES A LOT OF GUTS TO BE ABLE TO PUT YOUR INNERMOST FANTASIES AND PERSONAL HANG-UPS OUT FOR ALL TO SEE. I DON'T MEAN TO ENCOURAGE YOU TO DO IT... BUT I DO ADMIRE THE FACT THAT YOU CAN TAKE THIS PERSONAL STUFF & GET IT DOWN & NOT JUST LET IT STAY IN YOUR HEAD WHERE IT GOES ROUND & ROUND & FUCKS YOU UP. KEEP IT UP.

— VIC ZENI, SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

I'D LIKE TO SAY THAT YOUR STORY MY TROUBLES WITH WOMEN, PART II, WAS FANTASTIC. I KNOW WHAT YOU WENT THROUGH BECAUSE I'M LIVING IT THIS MORNING I CALLED A GIRL UP AND SHE ASKED ME TO MEET HER IN FRONT OF ST. JOSEPH'S CHURCH ON 6TH AVE. I WANDERED TO HELP OUT IN THE SOUP KITCHEN. SHE DOES THIS A LOT, SO WE HELPED OUT THERE FOR ABOUT 3 HOURS, AND THEN SHE HAD TO DELIVER FOOD TO PEOPLE WHO COULDN'T LEAVE THEIR HOUSES 'CAUSE THEY WAS OLD OR SICKENING. I'M ALL FOR DYLAN THRODY MYSELF, BUT GIMMIE A BREAK!

— NICHOLAS EVANS-CATO, BROOKLYN, NEW YORK

...THE POWER FEMS (HUP #2) REMIND ME OF A DOZEN CHEERLEADERS I SAT AMONGST ON THE PLANE FROM DALLAS TO KNOXVILLE LAST WEEK. THEY WERE "JANNING" FROM A COMPETITION. THESE WERE ALL SWEET, LITE, GIANT MUSCULAR WOMEN. THREE WERE UNBELIEVABLY BEAUTIFUL BLACKS. THEY WERE ALL AS NICE AS D. TO EACH OTHER. REAL TEAM GIRLS. I ASSUMED THEY WOULD ALL BE CHEERFULLY STUPID, BUT THE ONE NEXT TO ME WAS ON AN ACADEMIC SCHOLARSHIP STUDYING BUSINESS; SHE WAS A JAZZ DANCE INSTRUCTOR; AND HER FATHER WAS A RICH ORAL SURGEON. SHE SAID SHE WOULD LIKE VERY MUCH TO GO ON MY NEXT TRIP TO THE U.S.S.R., ASKED FOR AN ITINERARY. SHE SAID HER FATHER WOULD PAY IF SHE DECIDED TO GO. OF COURSE, THIS IS

NOT AS GOOD AS SNEAKING IN A FOOT RUB—BUT IT WASN'T BAD. AND IT WAS GREAT TO HAVE THIS CHEER-LEADER BE A LITTLE ON THE UNEXPECTED SIDE. HOW EVER, WOMEN ALMOST ALWAYS TURN OUT TO BE GREAT, AND MALES NOT.

— DON FRIENE, KNOXVILLE, TENNESSEE

YOUR HUP NOS. ONE AND TWO JUST ARRIVED. SENSATIONAL! DO 7% CRUMB... BLOW JOBS GALORE. LOTS OF BACK-DOOR HORSE FUCKING. YOUR STORY IF I WERE A KING WITH R. CRUMB ASTRADDLE THE HEFTY BLONDE PRINCESS' LEGS AND YOUR INVOLUNTARY "SQUIRTING" IN YOUR PANTS REMINDED ME OF ONE OF MY EARLY SEXUAL ENCOUNTERS WHEN I STILL HAD ON MY ROLLER SKATES WHEN I SQUARTED PREMATURELY WHILE I WAS ON MY KNEES. I CAN STILL HEAR THE SOUND THAT ONE, SOLITARY BALL-BEARING REVOLVING WHEEL MADE DURING THE EMBARRASSING "JACK" THAT FOLLOWED. (THIS OCCURRED DURING MY ART SCHOOL DAYS AND HER NAME WAS MARYANNE MCCORMICK)

— WARD KIMBALL, SAN GABRIEL, CALIFORNIA

...WHAT PROMPTED ME TO WRITE WAS MY TROUBLES WITH WOMEN, PART II (HUP #1), AND CAME WHIMP (ZAP #12). CLEARLY YOU CONSIDER YOURSELF MOST MALAD-JUSTED, AND I AGREE THAT THEY ARE THE WORK OF A DERANGED MIND. BUT DON'T GO AROUND THINKING YOU'RE THE BOTTOM OF THE SCRAP HEAP AT LEAST YOU'RE NOT GAY.

I WAS ACTUALLY QUITE SURPRISED TO SEE SO MUCH OF MYSELF IN YOUR STRIPS. I HAD BELIEVED THAT MY EXPERIENCES ARE WHAT LED MANY MEN TO BE GAY. NOW I REALLY DON'T KNOW WHY I AM. MAYBE WHAT ACCOUNTS FOR THIS SEXUAL DIFFERENCE BETWEEN US IS THAT YOU'RE AN ARTIST AND I'M A SCIENTIST BUT IMAGINE IF YOU WERE A SCRAWNY KID INSECURE NOT REALLY POPULAR BUT BRIGHT, KIND AND SENSITIVE AND ATTRACTED TO OTHER GAYS. YOUR FANTASIES MIGHT HAVE SEEMED LAUGHABLY UNREALISTIC. MINE WOULD HAVE GOTTEN ME EXILED.

— ROBERT S. LUBARSKY, LANCASTER, PENNSYLVANIA

ARTISTS AND SCIENTISTS—THEY'RE ALL QUEERS!—R.C.

I WAS TAKEN ABACK WHEN I STARTED READING MY TROUBLES WITH WOMEN, PART II. IT WAS LIKE LOOKING AT A MIRROR OF MY PAST. I, TOO, PHYSICALLY RESEMBLED THE CLASSIC STOOP SHOULDERED FOR LIVED OUT-CAST TWERPO WHO CONJURED UP ILLEGAL FANTASIES WHILE STARRING AT WOMEN'S POSTERiors, BEING TYPICALLY WITHDRAWN, I DREW A LOT (I KEPT IT CLEAN, DAMN IT). I EVEN HAD A MISSING FRONT TOOTH (MY MOTHER ACCIDENTALLY KNOCKED IT OUT WHEN SHE WAS PRACTICING GOLF STROKES. SHE NEVER DID LEARN THE STUPID GAME).

I DON'T GIVE A DAMN WHAT THEY SAY, I THINK THAT ALL THIS AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL STUFF OF YOURS IS GOOD SHIT! KEEP IT UP!

— DAVE HODGE, SACRAMENTO, CALIFORNIA

I'LL TRY TO "KEEP IT UP" I REALLY WILL! AND I DON'T GIVE A DAMN WHAT THEY SAY EITHER, THE BASTARDS—WHO ARE "THEY," ANYWAY??—R.C.

I'M ONE OF YOUR ABSOLUTELY BIGGEST FANS & I WANNA KNOW WHAT IN THE FLAG IS GOIN' ON—I'M STARVING ALREADY—I'M DYIN' HEAR—I DON'T WANT TO ACCUSE YOU OF NEGLIGENCE—RESTING ON YOUR LAURELS & PLEASE FORGIVE ME IF YOU HAVE SOME HEALTH OR OTHER GOOD REASON FOR NOT PRINTING ANY COMIC BOOKS LATELY BUT SHIT? THERE'S NOT A DAY GOES BY THAT I DON'T ASK TO CONSUME SOME NEW CRUMB MATERIAL. I WANT YOU TO KNOW THAT I LOVE HUP 1 & 2, ESPECIALLY MR. NATURAL & THE COOL DUDE. I LOVE SEEIN' NATCH GET OVER ON FOOT! AND DEVIL GIRL! WHAT A WONDERFUL CHARACTER!

— ROGER

THE TIME WAS WHEN I COULD RUN OUT THREE OR FOUR COMIX BOOKS IN A YEAR AND STILL HAVE TIME TO RUN AROUND CHASING AFTER WOMEN. HAN-MOON, I DREAM—I HAD TO CUT BACK ON THE COMIX WORK SO I'D STILL HAVE TIME TO RUN AROUND CHASING AFTER WOMEN. BUT Y'LL TRY TO KNUCKLE DOWN, GET SERIOUS AND DO MORE COMIXES, THEY LOVE ME OUT THERE...GIVE 'EM WHAT THEY WANT—THEY WANT COMIXES!!

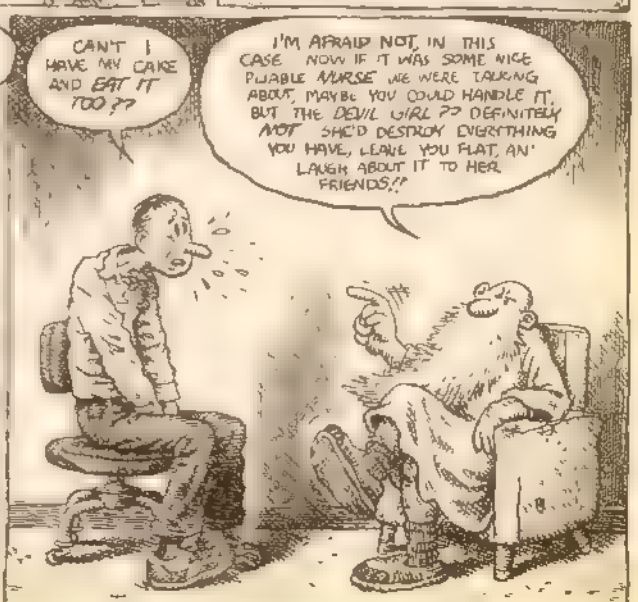
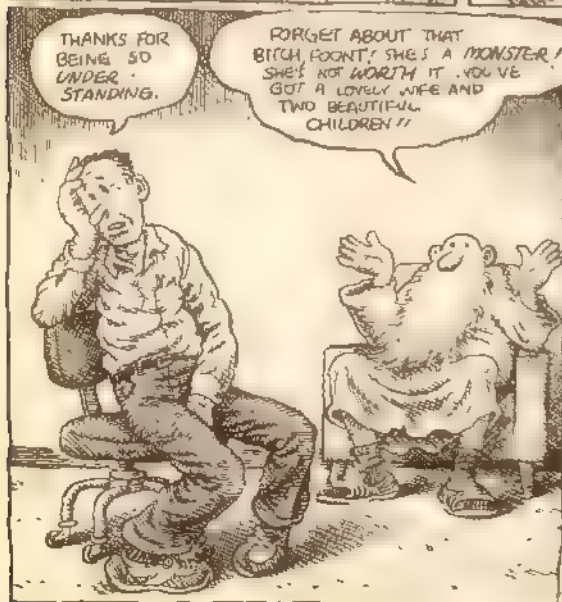
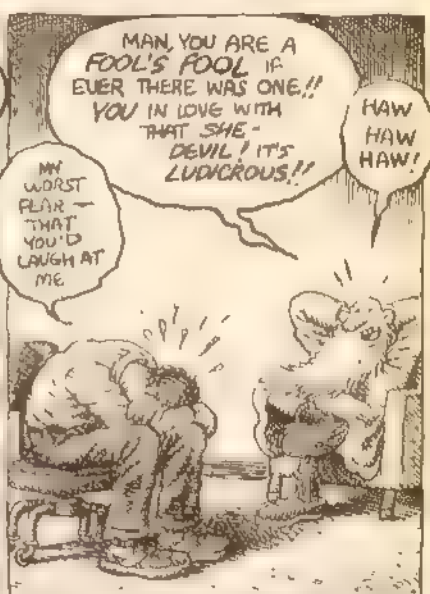
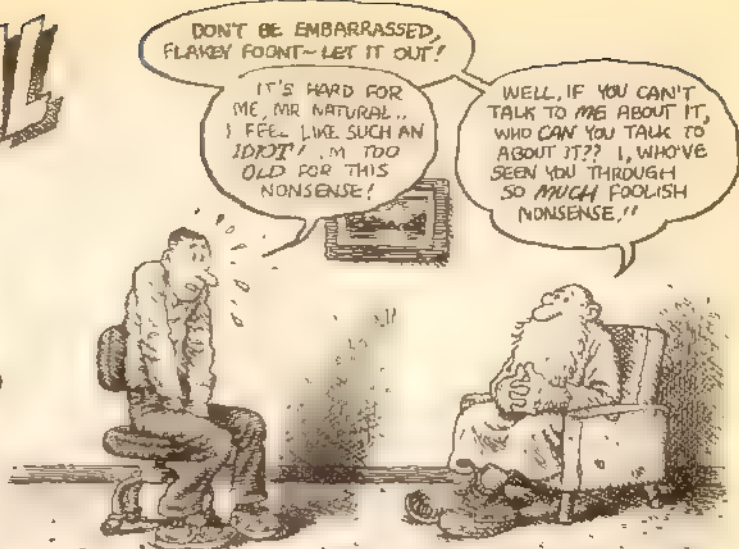
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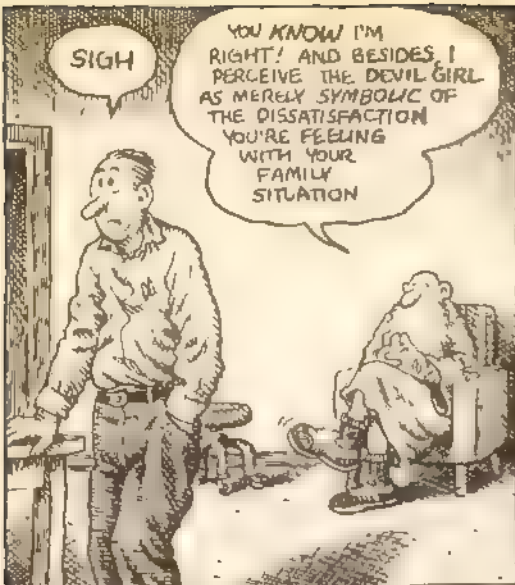
R. CRUMB, P.O. BOX 533, WINTERS, CALIF. 95694

MR. NATURAL

"HE'S A
NATURAL
MAN!"

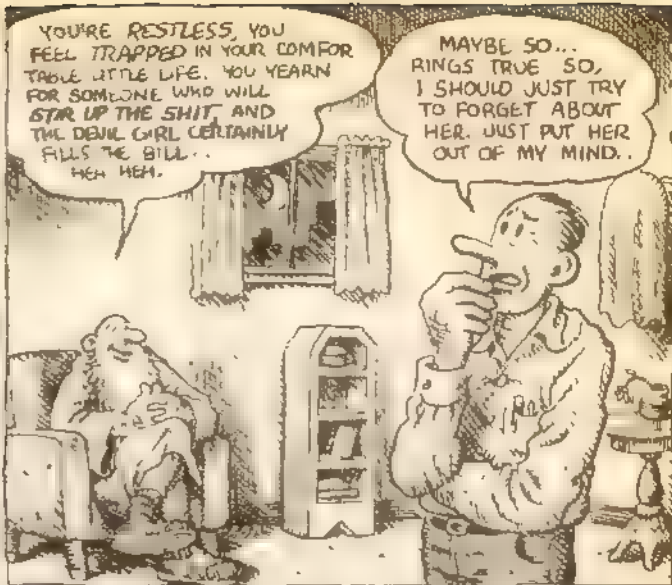
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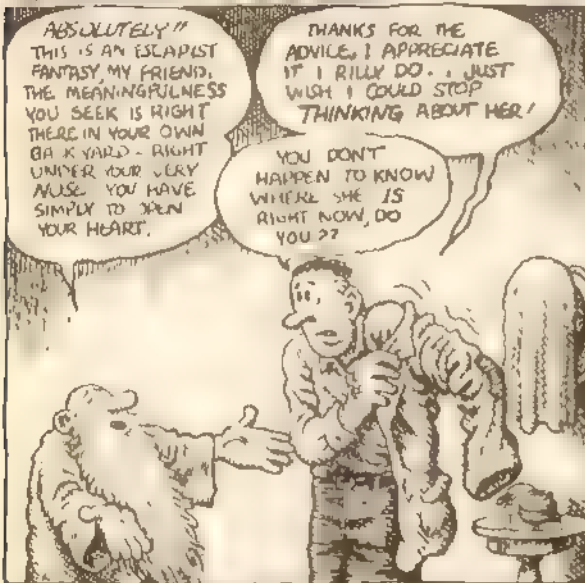
SIGH

YOU KNOW I'M RIGHT! AND BESIDES, I PERCEIVE THE DEVIL GIRL AS MERELY SYMBOLIC OF THE DISSATISFACTION YOU'RE FEELING WITH YOUR FAMILY SITUATION



YOU'RE RESTLESS, YOU FEEL TRAPPED IN YOUR COMFORTABLE LITTLE LIFE. YOU YEARN FOR SOMEONE WHO WILL STIR UP THE SHIT AND THE DEVIL GIRL CERTAINLY FILLS THE BILL... HEH HEH.

MAYBE SO... RINGS TRUE SO, I SHOULD JUST TRY TO FORGET ABOUT HER. JUST PUT HER OUT OF MY MIND.



ABSOLUTELY!! THIS IS AN ESCAPIST FANTASY, MY FRIEND. THE MEANINGFULNESS YOU SEEK IS RIGHT THERE IN YOUR OWN BACK YARD - RIGHT UNDER YOUR VERY NOSE. YOU HAVE SIMPLY TO OPEN YOUR HEART.

THANKS FOR THE ADVICE, I APPRECIATE IF I RILLY DO... JUST WISH I COULD STOP THINKING ABOUT HER!

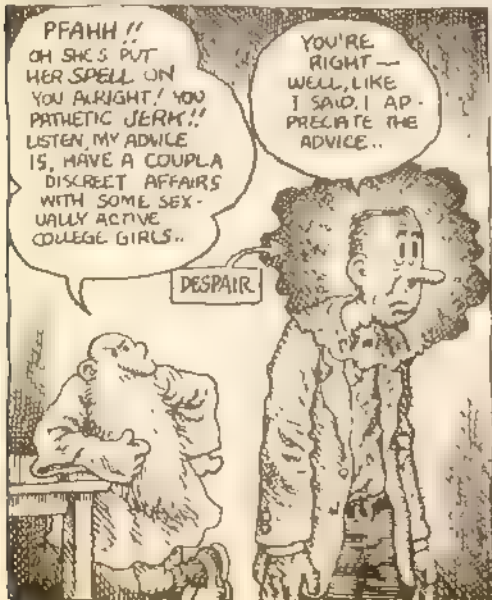
YOU DON'T HAPPEN TO KNOW WHERE SHE IS RIGHT NOW, DO YOU??



I CERTAINLY DON'T! EVEN IF I DID I WOULDN'T TELL YOU SHE'S A RUCKED UP PERSON, FOONT A VERY NEGATIVE FORCE...

TH'S IS NOT FOR YOU, MY FRIEND!

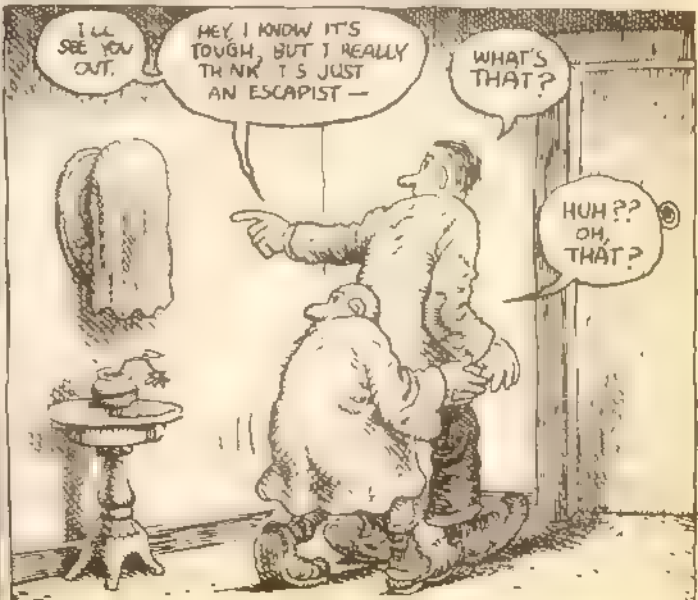
BUT I—I TRULY FEEL IN MY SOUL THAT I CAN HELP HER! SHE NEEDS TO BE LOVED! SHE NEEDS—



PFAHH!! OH SHE'S PUT HER SPELL ON YOU ALRIGHT! YOU PATHETIC JERK!! LISTEN, MY ADVICE IS, HAVE A COUPLA DISCREET AFFAIRS WITH SOME SEXUALLY ACTIVE COLLEGE GIRLS...

DESPAIR.

YOU'RE RIGHT— WELL, LIKE I SAID, I APPRECIATE THE ADVICE...

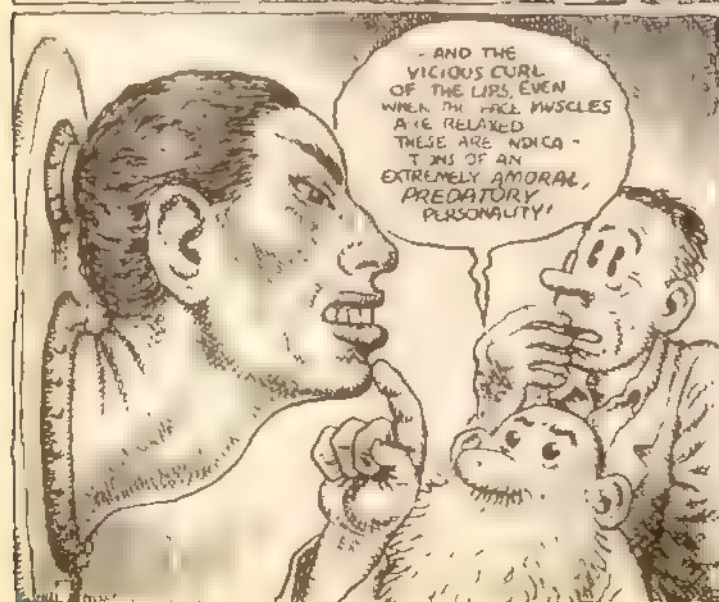


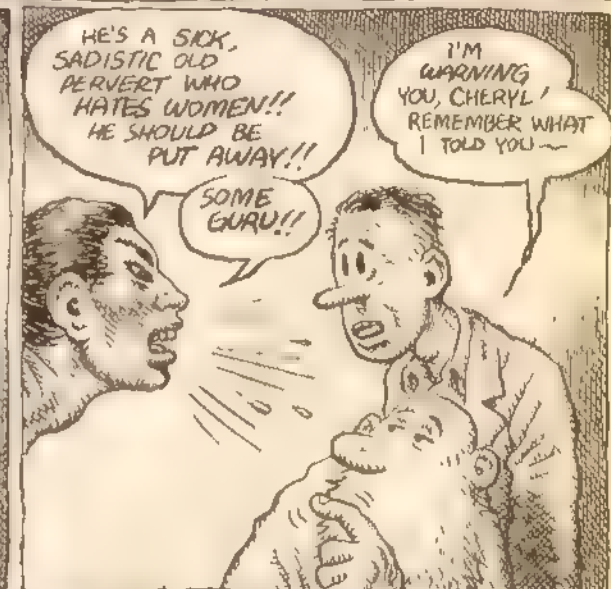
I'LL SEE YOU OUT.

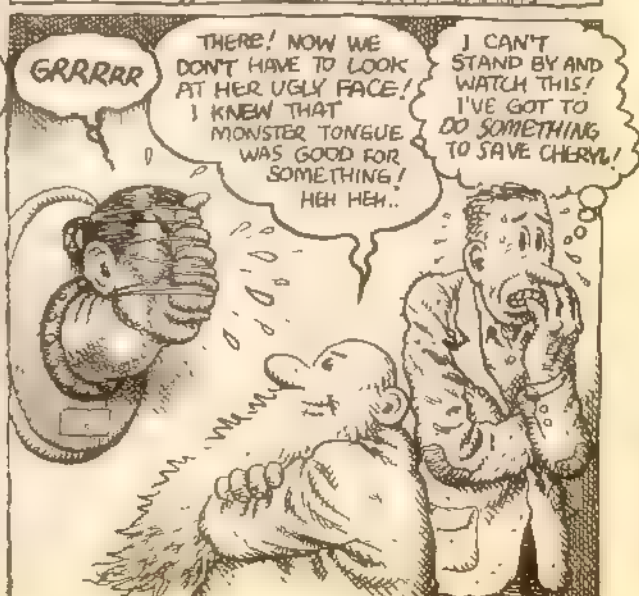
HEY, I KNOW IT'S TOUGH, BUT I REALLY THINK IT'S JUST AN ESCAPIST—

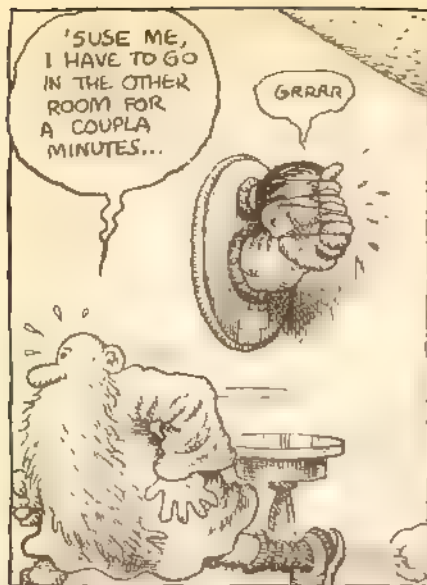
WHAT'S THAT?

HUH?? OH, THAT?







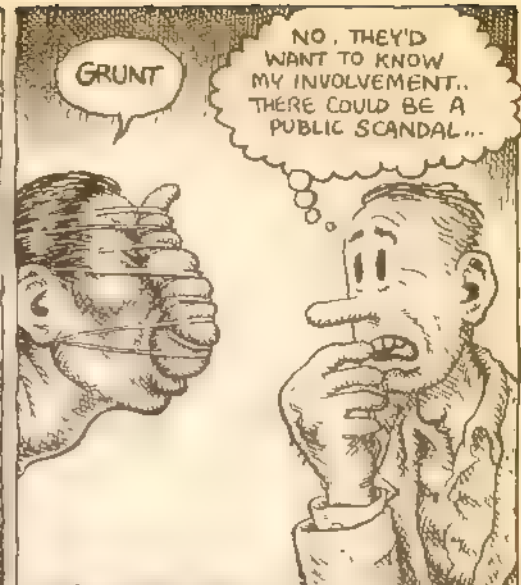


'SUSE ME, I HAVE TO GO IN THE OTHER ROOM FOR A COUPLA MINUTES...

GRRAR



MAYBE I SHOULD CALL THE POLICE...



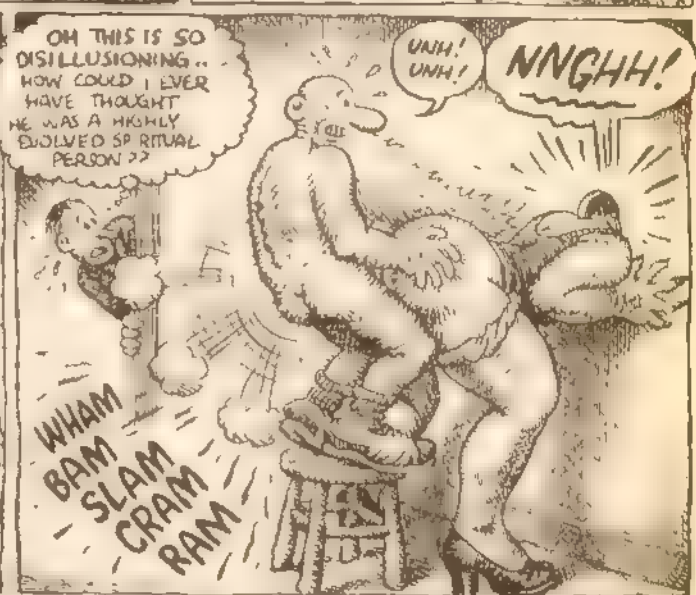
GRUNT

NO, THEY'D WANT TO KNOW MY INVOLVEMENT.. THERE COULD BE A PUBLIC SCANDAL...



NNGHH!!

NOW WHAT'S GOING ON??

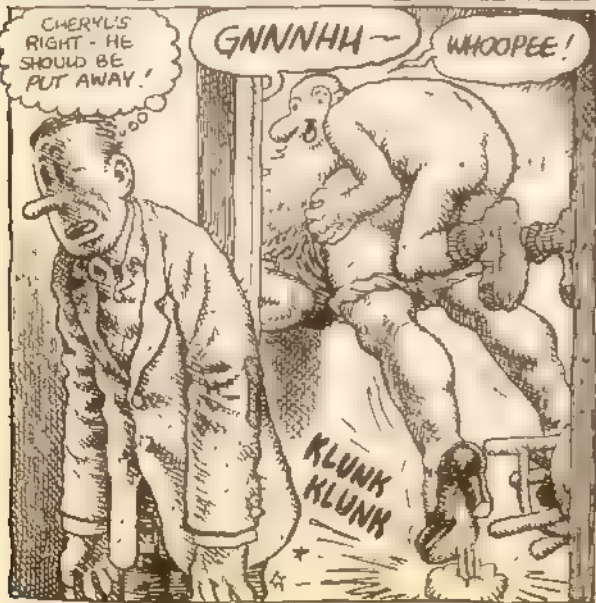


OH THIS IS SO DISILLUSIONING.. HOW COULD I EVER HAVE THOUGHT HE WAS A HIGHLY EVOLVED SP RITUAL PERSON??

UHH! UHH!

NNGHH!!

WHAM BAM SLAM CRAM RAM



GNNNH~

WHOOPEE!

KLUNK KLUNK



NNNNNGH!!

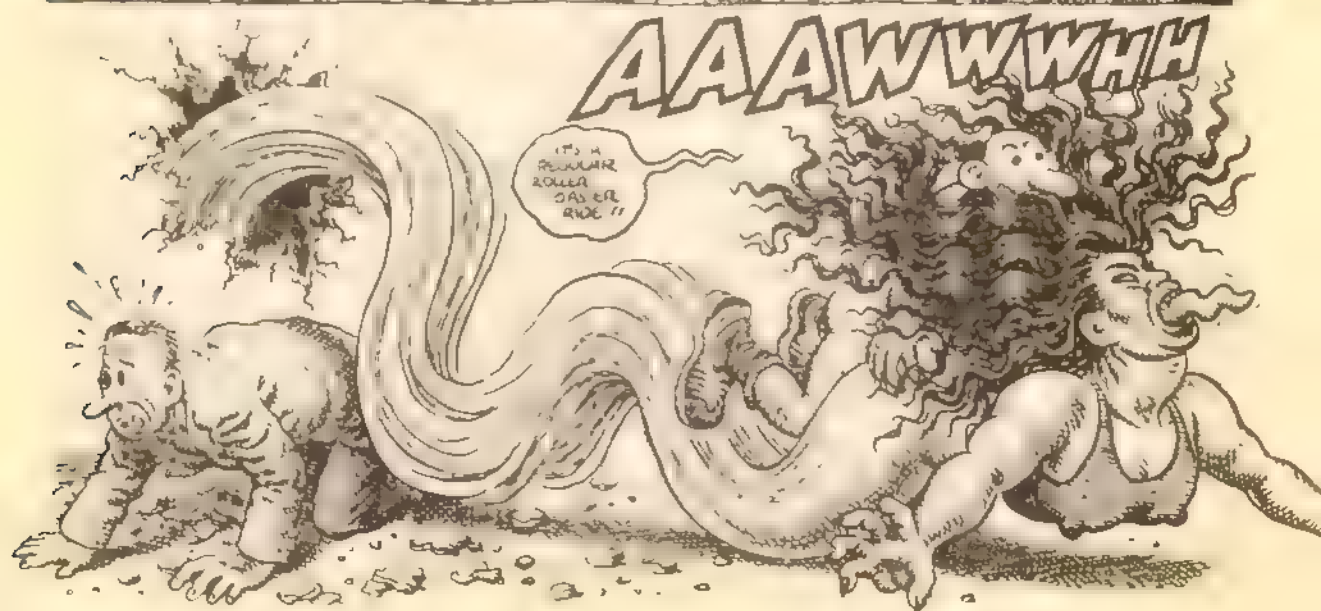
OH MY GOD! SHE'S RED AS A BEET AND HER HEAD LOOKS LIKE IT'S ABOUT TO EXPLODE!!

SPLIT

CRACK

I'LL TRY AN UNDO THAT TWINE!

POP!





MR. NATURAL!
MR. NATURAL!
WHERE ARE
YOU??

—BUT I'M ONLY
TRYING TO HELP YOU
ESCAPE FROM THIS
THIS DEN OF —

OH WHY DON'T YOU
GO BACK TO YOUR MIDDLE-
CLASS YUPPIE GENTRIFIED
BORING SUBURBAN
BULLSHIT WORLD AND
MIND YOUR OWN
STOOPID BUSINESS,
MR. FOONT!!

YEAH, WAKE UP
AN' SMELL TH' AS -
PHALT, FOONT! HA HA!

HERE,
CHERYL -
MAKE YER -
SELF
DECENT!

???



YOU SHOULDN'T
BE SO HARD ON
MY FRIEND FOONT...
HE MEANS WELL...
HE LOVES YOU
MORE THAN YOU
DESERVE...

I WOULDN'T FUCK
HIM WITH YOUR DICK!
...LET'S GET MARRIED!
PLEASE? PLEASE?
I WANT TO BE WITH
YOU FOREVER —

OH, THAT'D
BE FUN...
YA WANT A
BOX JUICE?

NO...

OH
MANN!

SLURP

YOU'RE PARKED IN
A "RED ZONE," BABY —
GET MY DRIFT??
LISTEN, WHY DON'T YOU
SHOWER UP, GET
DRESSED, AN' LET
FLAKEY FOONT HERE
DRIVE YOU HOME...
GO TO BED... IN THE
MORNING YOU'LL
FEEL GREAT!

FUCK YOU!
I HATE YOU!



SEE HOW CRUEL HE
IS TO ME?? HE TREATS
ME LIKE SHIT! YA KNOW
WHAT HE MADE ME DO
YESTERDAY? HE MADE
ME GET DOWN ON MY
HANDS AN' KNEES AN'
WASH HIS FEET WITH
MY HAIR!!

GOOD
LORD!

I DIDN'T
MAKE YOU
DO IT! IT WAS
YOUR IDEA!
LET'S KEEP
TH' FACTS
STRAIGHT!

BLA
HLMP

SLURP

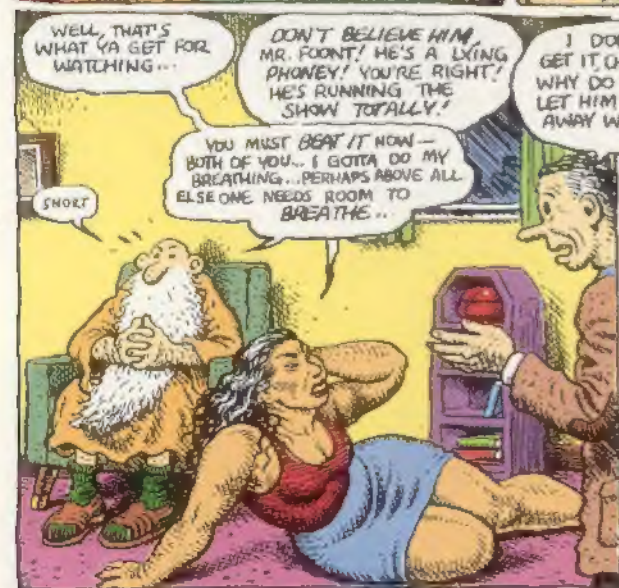


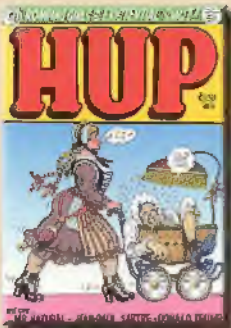
IT WAS INCREDIBLE!
SHE WAS BLUBBERING LIKE
A BABY ALL OVER MY TOOTSIES!
WOMEN LOVE THIS HISTRIONIC
STUFF... THEY'LL TAKE UP ALL
YOUR TIME WITH THEIR
NONSENSE... YA GOTTA
PUT YER FOOT
DOWN!

WANNA
BITE?

I'M SO
DEPRESSED







Sir Real's

UNDERGROUND
COMIX CLASSIX

Hup #3

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11 - Nausea

20 - Point The Finger

26 - Hup! We Get Letters!!

27 - Mr. Natural "He's A Natural Man"

Artists:

Robert Crumb - 1-36

Comments:

n/a